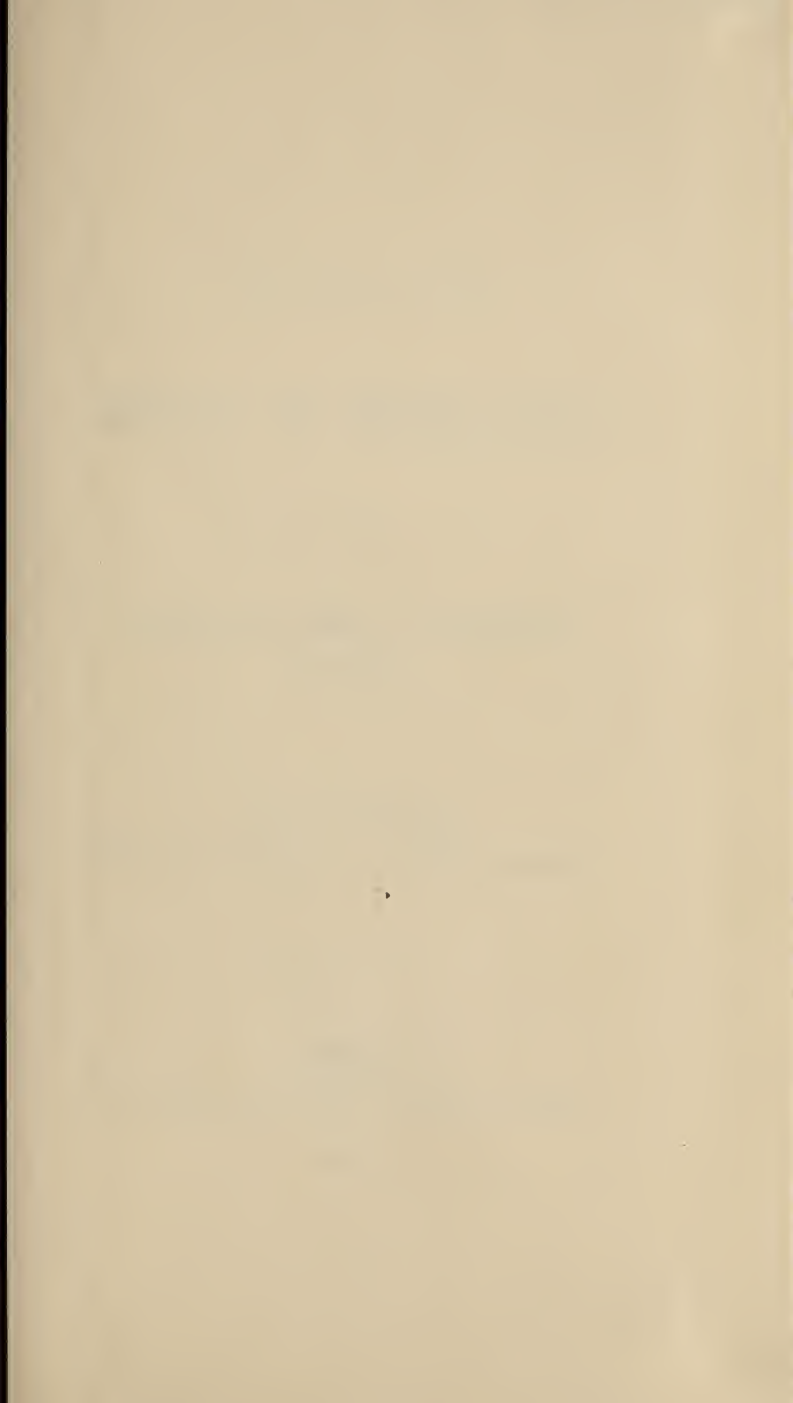








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P R E F A C E.

THE contents of the following volume are extremely miscellaneous. They consist of extracts from the Author's papers during the last three years, and are here collected mainly to assure his friends that his mind has not lain idle during this period of a bustling and active epoch. The critical papers relate chiefly to French Literature; yet the Author would wish to dis-

claim the supposition of being unmindful of the progress of that of his own country. In an attempt to master the French language, he was led to a perusal of its contemporary literature, and once embarked in this track, to stop was by no means easy. He found also much misconception and prejudice in the English public respecting contemporary fiction in France—a feeling fostered by an elaborate article in a leading Review. Of all the writers attacked in that article, Monsieur De Balzac appeared to him to be the most unjustly treated: he was thus induced to vindicate his talent and power as a novelist, in a somewhat lengthy criticism. For the translations from De Beranger and the accompanying criticism no apology is offered; they are attempts at a very delightful but very difficult branch of composition, in which failure

is less disgraceful than success would be meritorious. Above all, the Author can claim the merit of fidelity in his English versions.

The short Essays which form the second part were written at various times as occasion suggested; they are selected from a larger number, as being the most varied in character. Those who liked the popular sporting style of part of a former work of the Author's, will, it is hoped, here find one or two morsels to their taste. The rest are subjects suggested by travelling localities, or the course of the Author's reading.

In an age when all the world travel, and at least half write their travels, "Extracts from a Tourist's Journal," in very well known parts of the Continent, can scarcely be thought to possess much interest. But, at the suggestion of some

of his friends, the Author adds this concluding portion to the volume ; it being their, perhaps partial, judgment, that he has in some degree succeeded in investing with freshness the description of localities visited by every-day tourists.

Bath, March, 1839.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

PAGE.

Translations from De Beranger, with an accompanying Criticism	1
Review of the Writings of De Balzac	61
Observations on the 6th and 7th vols. of Thiers' Revolution, and the Character of Robespierre	139
A few Words on Paul de Koch	148
Two short Critical Notes	152

PART II.

Short Essays on Various Subjects:—

1. Reflections on Chimney-pots 159
2. On the Opening of the Birmingham and Manchester
Railroad, July 20th, 1837. 164
3. London and Paris 170

	PAGE.
4. On the Popular Feeling in France towards the English Nation	178
5. Social Distinctions	185
6. Pleasure	189
7. Legitimate Ambition	190
8. Bolingbroke and Mirabeau	194
9. The Start and the Finish	199
10 Passports	205
11. A Catastrophe	206

PART III.

Extracts from a Tourist's Journal about the Alps and in Southern Germany, with one or two Home Sketches in the Years 1836, 7, and 8.	211
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ESSAYS;

CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

TRANSLATED SPECIMENS FROM DE BERANGER.

THE name of De Beranger has been long familiar to the English reader. His admirable political satires were hailed almost from their first appearance, in a country like our own, where politics tinge almost everything that can be read or written. Some twelve years ago the "Westminster Review" gave spirited translations of "Les infinèments petits," "Le Diable est mort," and other songs of the same stamp. To the liberal party, in its largest sense, these

TRANSLATED SPECIMENS

spirited effusions against kingly and priestly tyranny were so many nuts to crack ; while all parties concurred in admiration of their keen but playful wit ; and De Beranger was placed at once by the side of the author of the " Two-penny Post Bag," and the " Fudge Family." And once introduced to our notice, he did not rest here : we soon discovered that his politico-satirical flashes comprised only one branch of a great variety of compositions, wherein he shows himself by turns the indignant champion of the people's rights, and the graceful epicurean songster, (embodying in the classic signification of the epithet both jollity and sentiment,) but through all, breathing the same kindly, sympathising spirit.

And, as far as we recollect in the case of De Beranger, political bias has not prevented his merit from being acknowledged by the literary organs of all parties amongst us. This may in some degree be owing to the privilege conventionally awarded to a song writer, (by all men a

degree above the stupid despotism of the Bourbons after the restoration,) and also to the joyous and kindly nature of the man and his writings; for deeply indeed must he be indurated in political prejudice who would proscribe such songs as "Le Printemps et L'automne," "Mon Curè," "Le Commencement du Voyage," and fifty others, convivial or pathetic, or both united as the case may be.

Notwithstanding, considering the unfair depreciation which has been applied to other works in contemporary French literature, the fact of our acknowledgment of De Beranger's merits, without subtraction for political bias, must be recorded as worthy of praise. Since the period we have mentioned, translations of several of our author's miscellaneous songs, (as this collection of lyrical poetry is modestly styled,) appeared in Father Prout's relics, and obtained a deserved popularity. Our present attempt to introduce a few more of these charming productions in an English dress, is dictated by our

admiration for the remarkable genius of their author, which we hope may excuse any deficiency in the difficult task of translation.

A small additional offering is intended to the well-deserved fame of a writer, allowed to be the first in his line; and who has acted more largely and directly on the mass of his countrymen than any even in this age of literary activity. Goëthe, Walter Scott, and perhaps Byron, have gained a more complete European reputation; but not one of the three have fixed their names as a household word throughout the entire mass of their own countrymen like De Beranger. Among the French population it is impossible to name a class where his productions are not relished. Their merit admitted in the most fastidious literary circles of Paris, by the middle and lower classes they are all but idolized. They are sung by the artisan at his workshop—by the grisette at her Sunday *partie de campagne*—by the postillion who drives the diligence, (with his sabots and greasy blue

frock)—and no doubt by thousands who could neither read nor write the name of the author. In this way he has acted as forcibly on public opinion as the poets of the early ages, whose works were orally repeated among their countrymen; and this in a fastidious age and *blasé* on remarkable literary productions.

The secret of this unexpected popularity will be found only after the entire perusal of his works. There (making allowance for the attractions of popular and national music, and the reciprocal enthusiasm of the French, naturally exercised towards one as jealous of their glory, their virtues, and unconsciously perhaps, their foibles also, as is Beranger) sufficient still remains of a felicitous combination of simplicity and profundity, of caustic satire, joyous hilarity, and unaffected pathos, appealing in turn to all tastes, to account for this prodigious success. And all this versatility seems directly consequent on the extent of his sympathies as a man; never was there so apparent an absence of all

trickery of author-craft : we see the chansonnier, the mirthful, witty, convivial companion ; yet full of quick and generous sympathy with every taste, provided it include somewhat fresh and natural ; and above all, ever armed with indignation for the oppressed against the oppressor.

Moore and De Beranger have been frequently compared, and in truth they have many attributes in common. Both have attained (whether by natural genius, or perfected art) to that wonderful clearness and facility in metrical composition, which we admire in the elegiac poets of the Augustan age, Ovid especially.

Both have appealed in the range of their works to the sympathies of many classes. The Politico-Satirical poems of both have been appreciated by all who felt (a position we are now-a-days none the worse for being reminded of,) that the cause of freedom was more efficiently advocated by the weapons of polished wit and cutting satire, than coarse and declamatory invective. Their sentimental songs (and here Moore

has the pre-eminence both in number and quality) have been sung by all young gentlemen and ladies from the ages of seventeen to twenty-five, and have become as much the language of the tender passion as ever was the flower alphabet in eastern climes. Their convivial and free-and-easy songs (and here per contrá the French chansonnier has an overwhelming majority,) have been adored in meetings where mirth and good fellowship abound, and have added times out of mind an extra charm to the circling glass. Both have occasionally risen to the sublime in thought and diction; witness De Beranger's "Sainte alliance des Peuples," and "Les Enfants de la France," and Moore's well known lines on the termination of the Neapolitan revolution of 1821, beginning "Aye down with them, dastardly slaves as they are;" of these—the former for a grand simplicity of diction, the latter for thrilling and impassioned vigour, it would be difficult to surpass. As instances of pathos, in each, we may give Moore's lines "When first I met thee,"

and “*La pauvre femme*,” and “*Les étoiles*,” which has been so hacknied in quotation.

But as poets for the people the parallel ceases; in spite of all Moore’s ardent feelings and real attachment to his country, the Irish peasants would have little or no sympathy with the refined, not to say effeminate, graces which abound in his melodies. De Beranger can be homely and forcible, and speak plainly when he chooses—not so the Irish poet. Ireland has never had its Beranger; a song writer like him would have been as powerful as O’Connell. But to hear the airs of his country in the drawing room dress, which Moore has thought proper to clothe them in, would have seemed as strange to the quick but uncultivated Irishman, as if one of his Norahs or Kathleens had been shown him, in costume “*en regle*” at Almack’s.

The Epicurean chansons of our author are very diversified in their character; some are as French and frisky in their animal spirits as the first glass of a bottle of champagne. Others are

epicurean after a fashion which we meet with in Horace and other classics, imbued with a deep searching gaiety (if we may be allowed the term,) which to our fancy has always a vein of melancholy in its composition. It seems the offspring of a vigorous mind exerting its powers against some antagonist force; we meet with this frequently in the epicurean philosophy of the ancients, which seemed to cherish the thought of extinction, which in spite of the smile of beauty, and the wine cup wreathed with flowers, was, it knew, inevitably to close the scene. Perhaps the classic writers of this school, with their fine conception of Artists, deemed the gloom thus produced, available as an effective contrast with its sombre tints to the more glowing colours of the picture.

And undoubtedly an eternity even of refined sensualism would have few attractions for the active mind of man, which delights in change and contrast, both in the physical and moral world.

To this certainty, however of death, they took pleasure in opposing the full array of earthly enjoyments, and those better pleasures which borrow something from the finer portions of our nature.

At other times we have merely the categories of a jolly life to oppose to the great enemy. The contrast is effective as a piece of art, and the gaiety imposing, though melancholy enough in its reckless energy, to our fancy, which after all was perhaps the effect intended. And in this spirit is the following song conceived.

LE JOUR DES MORTS.

1.

Amis, entendéz les cloches,
 Qui, par leurs sons gémissants,
Nous font de bruyants reproches
 Sur nos rises indécents.
Il est des ames en peine,
 Dit le prêtre intéressé.
C'est le jour des morts, mirliton, mirlitaine,
 Requiescant in pace.

2.

Qu'en ce jour la poésie
Sème les tombeaux de fleurs ;
Qu'à nos yeux l' hypocrisie
Les arrose de ses pleurs.
Je chante au sort qui m'entraîne
Sur les traces du passé ;
C'est le jour des morts, mirleton, mirlitaine ;
Requiescant in pace.

3.

Mechants, redoutez les diables,
Mais qu'il soit un paradis
Pour les filles charitables,
Pour les buveurs francs amis ;
Que St. Pierre aux gens sans haine
Ouvre d'un air empressé,
C'est le jour des morts &c.,
Requiescant in pace.

4.

Le Souvenir de nos peres
Nous doit il mettre en souci ?
Ils ont ri de leurs miseres
Des nôtres rions aussi.

'Lise n'est point inhumaine ;
Mon façon n'est cassé ;
C'est le jour &c.,
Requiescant in pace.

5.

Je ne veux point qu'on me pleure,
Moi, le boute en train des fous,
Puissé-je à ma dernière heure
Voir nos fils plus gais que nous.
Q'ils chantent à perdre haleine
Sur le bord du grand fossé ;
C'est le jour &c.,
Requiescant in pace.

VOL. I. p. 104.

THE DAY OF THE DEAD.

1.

Hark! the tolling bell, my friends,
Which seems to reproach our mirth,
And its hoarse reproof it sends
To our gaiety here on earth.

Remember the souls in pain,
Says the priest, believe him who will !
'Tis the day of the dead, mirliton, mirlitaine,
And in peace may they slumber still !

2.

Let poesy yield her flowers
To strew o'er the tombs of the dead,
And hypocrisy's tears in showers
Above their graves be shed :
My muse leaves this scene of pain,
To excuse o'er the realms of the past.
'Tis the day of the dead, mirliton, mirlitaine.
May their slumber unbroken last.

3.

The churlish, hell may fear,
But oh ! let a paradise be,
For ladies not over severe,
And for all jolly company.
To friendship without a stain
Let heaven's gate open wide,
'Tis the day of the dead, mirliton, mirlitaine,
And in rest may they still abide.

4.

Need a thought of our ancestors' woes
With sadness cloud our brow ?
They were wont to laugh at those,
And shall we not smile at ours now ?
Our wine cup sheds its rain,
Our mistress is not unkind,
'Tis the day of the dead, mirliton, mirlitaine,
And eternal repose may they find.

5.

When I die let no one weep,
But oh ! in that day may I see
That our sons a gay festival keep,
And surpass us in revelry—
Let them sing with might and main
On the brink of that gulph so wide,
'Tis the day of the dead, mirliton, mirlitaine,
And in rest let them still abide.

As a contrast to this reckless gaiety, we will take the following chanson, where a simple idea is ornamented, yet not overpowered by a variety of allegorical embellishment.

LE COMMENCEMENT DU VOYAGE.

Chanson chantée sur le berceau d'un enfant nouveau-né.

1.

Voyez, amis, cette barque légère,
Qui, de la vie, essaie encore les flots :
Elle contient gentille passagère,
Ah! soyons-en les premiers matelots.
Déjà les eaux l'enlèvent au rivage,
Que doucement elle fuit pour toujours ;
Nous qui voyons commencer le voyage,
Par nos chansons egayons en le cours.

2.

Déjà le sort a soufflé dans les voiles ;
Déjà l'espoir prépare les agrés,
Et nous promet à l'éclat des étoiles,
Une mer calme et des vents doux et frais.
Fuyez, fuyez, oiseaux d'un noir presage :
Cette nacelle appartient aux amours.
Nous qui voyons commencer le voyage
Par nos chansons, &c.

3.

Au mât propice, attachant leurs guirlandes,
Où, les amours prennent part au travail,
Aux chastes sœurs on a fait des offrandes,
Et l'amitié se place au gouvernail.
Bacchus lui même anime l'équipage
Qui des plaisirs invoque le secours;
Nous qui voyons, &c.

4.

Qui vient encore saluer la nacelle?
C'est le Malheur benissant la Vertu,
Et demandant que du bien fait par elle
Sur cet enfant le prix soit repandu;
A tant de vœux dont retentit le plage,
Sûrs que jamais les Dieux ne seront sourds;
Nous qui voyons commencer le voyage
Par nos chansons, egayons en le cours.

VOL. I. 83.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE VOYAGE.

Sung at the cradle of a new-born Infant.

1.

Behold of infancy this fragile bark,
At length adventuring life's troubled sea,

A lovely freight it bears, and mindful mark,
Its earliest pilot, let our friendship be.
Already from the bank its course to plough,
And never to return, the waters bear ;
Be ours, who witness its departure now,
With mirthful song its onward course to cheer.

2.

Already destiny breathes in the sail,
And hope the tackling for the voyage prepares,
And promises, if ought its power avail,
A sea that's tranquil, and propitious airs.
Avoid, ill omened birds ! the slender prow,
The loves alone have right of passage here.
Be ours who witness its departure now,
With mirthful song its onward course to cheer.

3.

The loves attach their garlands to the mast,
And in our grateful labour deign to share ;
To the chaste sisters offerings have been cast,
And friendship takes the helm with kindly air.
Bacchus himself smiles gaily at the prow ;
Summoned by him, the pleasures hasten near.
Be ours who witness its departure now,
With mirthful song its onward course to cheer.

4.

Who comes at length, our slender bark to bless!
 Misfortune, supplicating Virtue's aid;
 And that in price of undeserved distress,
 Prosperity upon this infant's head be laid—
 Sure to such wishes, heaven itself must bow,
 And to our prayers grant a propitious ear—
 Be ours, who witness its departure now,
 With mirthful song its onward course to cheer.

We will next take a gay little chanson, where the vein of irony that runs through many of the poet's mirthful productions, is open and palpable. It is an epicurean stave, showing also that wisdom and a bald pate are not always coincident. —But let the gay old gentleman speak for himself.

MES CHEVEUX.

Mes bons amis, qui je vous prêche à table,
 Moi, l'apôtre de la gaité,
 Opposez tous, au destin peu traitable
 Le repos et la liberté.

A la grandeur, á la richesse,
Préférez des loisirs heureux;
C'est mon avis, moi de qui la sagesse
A fait tomber tous les cheveux.

2.

Mes bons amis, voulez vous dans le joie,
Passez quelques instants sereins,
Buvez un peu; c'est dans le vin qu'on noie
L'ennui, l'humeur, et les chagrins—
A longs flots puisez l'allegresse
Dans ces façons d'un vin mousseux,—
C'est mon avís, moi de qui la sagesse
A fait tomber tous les cheveux.

3.

Mes bons amis, et bien boire et bien rire,
N'est rien encore sans le's amours.
Que la beauté vous charme et vous attire,
Dans ses bras coulez tous vos jours!
Gloire, trésors, santé, jeunesse,
Sacrifiez tout à ses vœux.
C'est mon avis, moi de qui la sagesse
A fait tomber, &c.

4.

Mes bons amis, du sort et de l'envie ,
On brave ainsi les traits cuisants.
En peu de jours usant toute la vie,
On en retranche les vieux ans.
Achetez la plus douce ivresse
Au prix d'un âge malheureux,
C'est mon avis &c.

VOL. 1. 45.

M Y H A I R.

When at table I tell you, my friends, to be gay,
You have called me of mirth the apostle,—
For I counsel, live freely and snug while you may,
And with destiny strive not to jostle.
To the wealth of the rich, and the pomp of the great,
Prefer living cozy at leisure—
'Tis the counsel I give, who now show my bald pate,
From indulgence in wisdom, not pleasure.

2.

My friends, would you pass in the bosom of mirth,
A few moments of sweetest employment—
Then drink!—'tis in wine that this pleasure has birth,
And we drown all that mars our enjoyment.

Aye drink ! there's concealed in each sparkling glass,
A gaiety scorning measure ;
'Tis the counsel I give, all whose hairs, alas!
Are fallen from wisdom,—not pleasure.

3.

But of wine, and of mirth, the delights will not last,
If from passion your pulse be calm;
On the bosom you love, may your hours be past,
And its power never cease to charm.
Aye give up to its wishes health, youth, and renown,
At its feet pour forth your treasure.
'Tis the counsel I give, who, I blush not to own,
Am grown bald from wisdom,—not pleasure.

4.

With envy and fortune against us, my friends!
'Tis thus their assaults we defy—
Our spring all the force of our lives expends,
Let the autumn neglected lie !
Then the full tide of passion let roll while it may,
In old age we'll repent at leisure—
'Tis the counsel I give, who am now bald and grey,
From indulgence in wisdom, not pleasure.

But perhaps Le Grenier is one of the most

pleasing of our author's songs. It has a simplicity that charms, and, in one stanza at least, a vigour that inspires.

LE GRENIER.

1.

Je viens revoir l'asile où ma jeunesse
De la misère a subi les leçons.
J'avais vingt ans, une folle maitresse,
De francs amis, et l'amour des chansons.
Bravant le monde, et les sots et les sages,
Sans avenir, riche de mon printemps,
Leste et joyeux, je montais six etages,
Dans un grenier, qu'on est bien à vingt ans.

2.

C'est un grenier, point je veux qu'on l'ignore
Là fut mon lit bien chetif et bien dur;
Là fut ma table, et je retrouve encore
Trois pieds d'un vers charbonnés sur le mur.
Apparaissez plaisirs de mon bel âge,
Que d'un coup d'aile a fustigès le temps;
Vingt fois pour vous j'ai mis ma montre en gage
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans.

3.

Lisette ici doit surtout apparaitre,
Vive, jolie, avec un frais chapeau:
Deja sa main à l'etroitre fenêtre
Suspend son schall eu guise de rideau.
Sa robe aussi va parer ma couchette;
Respecte, Amour, ses plis longs et flottants,
J'ai sù depuis, qui payait sa toilette
Dans un grenier &c.

4.

A table un jour, jour de grande richesse,
De mes amis les voix brillaient en chœur,
Quand jusqu'ici monte un cri d'alégresse:
A Marengo, Bonāparte est vainqueur!
Le canon gronde: un autre chant commence,
Nous celebrons tant de faits éclatants.
Les rois jamais n'envahiront la France ;
Dans un grenier &c.

5.

Quittons ce toit où ma raison s'enivre
Oh! qu'ils sont loin ces jours si regrettès !
J'échangerais ce qu'il me reste à vivre
Contre un des mois qu'ici Dieu m'a comptés.

Pour rêver, gloire, amour, plaisir, folie,
 Pour dépenser sa vie en peu d'instant
 D'un long espoir pour la voir embellie,
 Dans un grenier qu'on est bien a vingt ans.

VOL 2.—248.

MY GARRET.

Once more I've viewed the home where youth's gay
 hours

Of poverty could charm away the sting.
 At twenty, blest with love's most fragrant flowers,
 With joyous friends—a heart and voice to sing,
 Careless of all without—the fools, the wise,
 Careless of future, in my spring's first glow,
 Gaily I gained my garret near the skies,
 Worth all the salons I had left below!

2.

'Twas in a garret, nought I blush to own,
 There was my humble couch, my table's place.
 And there, to woo the muse my ardour grown,
 My first rude verses on the wall I trace.
 Appear, ye pleasures of my early age,
 Which Time's stern hand has long since put to
 flight.

*For ye how oft my watch has been
 the gaze
 'Twas in a garret, happy, day & night*

3.

Appear, Lisette, my own, my early love—

A bonnet gay sets off her smiling face—

Ah ! see, she mounts the window's small alcove,

A curtain 'gainst the world her shawl to place.

Her robe upon my couch abandoned lies !

Respect, O love, each long and pliant fold.

Since then I've known who paid her toilette's price;

The secret was not in my garret told.

4.

One day my festive board my friends surround,

Their joyous voices mix in mirth uproarious,

When to my garret mounts the welcome sound,

Napoleon at Marengo is victorious—

The cannon roar ; responsive, to the skies

Our voices chaunt our country's fresh renown;

Never shall foreign despots France despise!

'Twas in my garret, happy, all my own.

5.

But quit this scene, where reason's sway is o'er;

What distance now divides me from that day!

How gladly would I barter years in store,

Against one month that there I passed so gay.

Dreaming of glory, love, and pleasure's madness,
My life compressing in few moments' span,
With hope to gild the future o'er with gladness,
How happy here my youth's life current ran.

We must not omit all mention of Beranger's free and easy songs, such as "Les Demoiselles," "Fretillon," "Ma grande mère," "Le Senateur," cum multis aliis. The best way of considering them is, perhaps, (and it may with truth be said) that there is more free speaking with less palpable violation of decency than we could have believed possible. Of course we cannot defend altogether this class of lyrical effusions; but let any Englishman recollect the songs he has commonly heard at mixed convivial parties, and turning from these mostly dull, pointless, and often abominably coarse productions to the witty and elegant effusions of the French chansonnier, and be as severe a censor as he likes.

In casting our eye over the first volume of Beranger's works, we are astonished at the exhibitions of versatility which its contents present. What variety, merely in rhythm and metre; and in subject what a range between "Le commencement du voyage," and "Fretillon."

We have many favourites in this volume, and perhaps "L'age futur" is as piquant as any; all its predictions too have turned out tolerably correct, with the exception of our belligerent propensities. But before we pass on to the more serious songs, we will endeavour to render into English a spirited little epicurean trifle, which gives us, almanack-wise, rules of life for the year round.

LE PRINTEMPS ET L'AUTOMNE.

1.

Deux saisons règlent toutes choses
Pour qui sait vivre en s'amusant.

Au Printemps nous devons les roses,
A l'automne, un jus bienfaisant.
Les jours croissent, le cœur s'éveille,
On fait le vin quand ils sont courts.
Au printemps adieu la bouteille !
En automne adieu les amours !

2.

Mieux il vaudrait unir sans doute
Ces deux penchants faits pour charmer ;
Mais pour ma santé je redoute
De trop boire et de trop aimer.
Or, la sagesse me conseille
De partager ainsi mes jours ;
Au printemps adieu &c.

3.

Au mois de Mai j'ai vu Rosette,
Et mon cœur a subi ses lois
Que de caprices la coquette
M'a fait essayer en six mois—
Pour lui rendre enfin la pareille,
J'appelle Octobre à mon secours.
Au printemps &c.

4.

Je prends, quitte, et reprends, Adele,
Sans façon, comme sans regrets.
Au revoir en jour, me dit elle,
Elle vient long-temps après.
J'étais à chanter sous la treille,
Ah! dis-je l'année à son cours.
Au printemps &c.

Mais il est une enchanteresse,
Qui change à son gré mes plaisirs;
Du vin elle excite l'ivresse,
Et maîtrise jusqu'aux désirs.
Pour elle ce n'est pas merveille
De troubler l'ordre de mes jours,
Au printemps *avec* la bouteille,
En automne *avec* les amours.

Vol. 1. 24, 25.

SPRING AND AUTUMN.

1.

Two seasons rule his hours
To the man who's expert in enjoyment ;

To Spring we owe the flowers,
In Autumn, to drink's our employment.
Love expands with th' increasing day,
With wine we beguile the night.
Adieu to the bottle in May ;
In autumn our love takes flight.

2.

'Twould be better no doubt to unite
Two such charming recreations—
But prudence enjoins to slight
Of both, the joint temptations;
At her counsel, my wishes I bring,
My life *between* them to share;
Adieu to the bottle in Spring,
In Autumn good bye to the fair.

3.

'Twas in May that I first saw Rose—
Was her willing slave all the summer;
With each novel caprice that she chose
I complied—and I never knew rummer!
But October comes in to my aid,
And now my revenge I take;

Spring for thee, my dearest maid,
'Tis now, our thirst to slake.

4.

Adele's chains I most easily wore,
For my heart had no interest here ;
I'll meet you to-morrow, she swore—
She came after half a year.
Oh! my fair one, 'twas my turn to say,
(The vintage was then in its prime)
Love making's a good thing in May,
But now for drinking's the time.

5.

But there's one, who each chord of my heart,
At her magical touch can control.
She, fresh charms e'en to love can impart,
And enhance the delights of the bowl.
She my purpose can easily move
To change all my plans of employment;
In Spring *with* the bottle make love,
And in Autumn the self-same employment.

A pleasant thing is wine, and mirth, and good
fellowship, and the "tender offices of love ;"
pleasant whether enjoyed in London or Paris,

or in the sunny clime of Italy, and thousands will continue to think so, and act accordingly, to the end of the chapter of human destiny. But the more these goods are indulged in, so as to form the stay of our lives, the more will the apparition of death, with his huge extinguisher, become irksome and disgusting. Thus, as we have said before, our epicureans erect a barrier of jollity and song against the great enemy. But though we succeed in putting him at a distance, Youth is not the less escaping from our grasp, and age will continue its gradual but inevitable approaches, even after a dinner at the Rocher de Cancale, or an evening at Tivoli, where all seems fresh, and vigorous, and blooming as the morning of hope; hence the necessity for throwing up another line of fortifications—and the following beautiful ballad seems, to our fancy, to say all that can be said in mitigation of the decline of Youth.

LA VIEILLESSE.

1.

Nous verrons le temps qui nous presse,
Semer les rides sur nos fronts.
Quoi qu'il nous reste de jeunesse,
Oui, mes amis nous vieillerons.
Mais a chaque pas voir renâître
Plus de fleurs qu'on ne peut ^{en} éveiller,
Faire un doux emploi de son être,
Mes amis, ce n'est pas vieillir.

2.

En vain nous egayons la vie
Par le champagne et les chansons;
A table où le cœur convie
On nous dit que nous vieillissons.
Mais jusqu'à sa dernière aurore,
En buvant frais s'épanouir.
Même en tremblant, chanter encore
Mes amis, ce n'est pas vieillir.

3.

Brulons nous pour une coquette,
Un encens d'abord accueilli,

Bientôt peut-être elle répète,
Que nous n'avons que trop vieilli.
Mais vivre en tout d'economie,
Moins depenser et mieux jouir—
D'une amante faire une amie,
Mes amis, ce n'est pas vieillir.

4.

Si longtemps que l'on entretienne
Le cours heureux des passions.
Puis qu'il faut qu'enfin l'âge vienne
Qu'ensemble au moins nous vieillissions—
Chasser du coin qui nous rassemble
Les maux prêts à nous assaillir—
Arriver au but tous ensemble,
Mes amis, ce n'est pas vieillir.

Vol. 1. 158.

OLD AGE.

1.

From the time that is passing o'er us,
In our brows see fresh furrows have sprung,

And tho' still merry days lie before us,
We feel we no longer are young.
But as onward we travel, to see
Fresh flowers around us unfold,
In each year yet more happy to be,
My friends! this is not to grow old.

2.

'Tis in vain that our lives with cheer,
And wine, and song, we've cherished;
At the social board we hear
That our youthful bloom has perished.
But e'en to our latest waking
O'er the wine-cup to freshly expand—
Still to sing, tho' our frame be shaking—
Old age is not surely at hand.

3.

Some frolicksome fair one, perchance,
We are labouring still to charm,
But our beauty replies by a glance,
That love not as in youth is warm;
But to live so as less to expend,
And yet more to enjoy, if we're sage—

Of a mistress to make a friend—
Oh! this cannot be surely old age.

4

And *when all* our loves are past
And their course has been long and sweet;
Since old age *must* come at last,
Together its grasp we'll meet.
From our snug fire-side in bad weather,
We'll the ills that assail us assuage,
And arrive at the bourne together!—
Oh! my friends say is this old age?

Perhaps none of the poet's compositions breathe a more kindly spirit than "La Bonne Vieille." His "old age" points out the alleviations to be found in the approaches of physical decay, and concludes with the common, but not on that account less beautiful, thought, that our community of fate (embodying the principle of social relation,) can take away its sting even from death itself.

Arriver au but tous ensemble,
Mes amis ce n'est pas vieillir.

In the chanson that follows, the force of affection and sympathy is carried still further. A beloved object is left behind, yet a gentle feeling of melancholy only is called forth: and this even is soothed by a conviction of the sympathy which the survivor will feel for her departed friend. It is a pure and touching strain, in which the modern growth of sentiment contrasts with the classed ^{et} ~~ed~~ epicureanism of some other of the author's productions. We attempt with some diffidence to render into English

LA BONNE VIEILLE.

1.

Vous vieillirez, O ma belle maîtresse !

Vous vieillirez, et je ne serai plus.

Pour moi, le temps semble, dans sa vitesse,

Compter deux fois les jours que j'ai perdus.

Survivez moi ; mais que l'âge pénible

Vous trouve encore fidèle à mes leçons ;

Et bonne vieille au coin d'un feu paisible,

De votre ami repetez les chansons.

2.

Lorsque les yeux chercheront sous vos rides,
Les traits charmans qui m'auront inspiré,
Des doux recits les jeunes gens avides
Diront quel fut cet ami tant pleuré?
De mon amour peignez, s'il est possible,
L'ardeur, l'ivresse, et même les soupçons :
Et bonne vieille, au coin d'un feu paisible,
De votre ami repetez les chansons.

3.

On vous dira : Savait il être aimable ?
Et sans rougir vous direz : Je l'aimais,
D'un trait mechant se montra-t-il capable ?
Avec orgueil vous repondrez—Jamais.
Ah dites bien qu'amoureux et sensible,
D'un luth joyeux il attendrit les sons,
Et bonne vieille, &c.

4.

Vous que j'appris à pleurer sur la France,
Dites surtout aux fils des nouveaux preux
Que j'ai chante la gloire et l'esperance
Pour consoler mon pays malheureux.
Rappelez leur que l'aquilon terrible,
De nos lauriers a detruit vingt moissons,
Et bonne vieille, &c.

4.

Objet chéri, quand mon renom futile
De vos vieux ans charmera les douleurs,
A mon portrait quand votre main debile
Chaque printemps suspendra quelques fleurs,
Levez les yeux vers ce monde invisible
Ou pour toujours nous nous réunissons :
Et bonne vieille, &c.

THE OLD FRIEND.

1.

Oh yes ! my lov'd one, time will o'er thee creep,
Old age will come when I shall be no more,
And twice for me doth time his reck'nings keep,
And twice I mourn the years he's counted o'er.
Mayst thou survive : but oh ! may time's stern hand
Still leave thee as thou wert in youth to me,
While to my songs around thy hearth, a band
Of list'ning friends shall e'er attentive be.

2.

And when of thee the anxious gaze enquire
Where were the charms that fed his ardent flame ?

Thy youthful friends in circle round thy fire,
Shall ask of him that thou hast loved to name.
Paint of my passion, if thou canst recall
The force, the eagerness, the jealous fear,
And by thy cheerful hearth while listen all,
Give them once more thy lover's strains to hear.

3.

Yes ! they will ask thee could he touch the heart ?
Without a blush thou'lt answer—Him I lov'd ;
And did he ne'er in malice bear a part ?
No, thou'lt reply, I ne'er such conduct proved.
And tell them too, how with a lover's skill,
He from the lute could draw its tend'rest strain ;
And, lov'd one, by thy hearth reposing still
The songs he cherished mayst thou chant again.

4.

Thou whom I taught to weep o'er France's woes,
Proclaim unto the children of the brave,
That once my song of hope and glory rose,
My best lov'd country to console and save.
And tell them too, how war's terrific blast
Crush'd down the laurell'd wreaths of many a
year ;—
Beside thy cheerful hearth, recall the past,
And let them now my loftiest measure hear.

5.

And oh, my lov'd one, when my poor renown
 Shall charm away the sorrows of thy age,
 And when, each spring, with trembling hand thoult
 crown
 My bust with flowers that seem thy grief t'assuage,
 Then lift thine eyes towards that world on high
 Where re-united we shall ever be,
 And by thy hearth, a tear-drop in thine eye,
 Repeat thy lover's songs, and think of me.

If we have not been grossly inattentive to the counsels of our author, we have by this time learnt how to drink and sing, and make love in a town, and no despicable knowledge is this. We will now, by way of change, give what may be stiled a "pastorale amoroso," or manual of love making in the country; and a very pleasant thing it seems to be, always supposing fine weather and other agrèmens.

LES CHAMPS.

1.

Rose, partons ; voici l'aurore—
 Quitte ces oreillers si doux—

Entends tu la cloche sonore
Marquer l'heure du rendezvous.
Cherchons loin du bruit de la ville
Pour le bonheur, un sûr asyle—
Viens aux champs couler d'heureux jours,
Les champs ont aussi leurs amours.

2.

Viens aux champs fouler la verdure,
Donne le bras à ton amant,
Rapprochons-nous de la nature,
Pour nous aimer plus tendrement.
Des oiseaux la troupe éveillée
Nous appelle sous la feuillée,
Viens aux champs couler d'heureux jours,
Les champs ont aussi leurs amours.

3.

Nous prendrons les goûts du village,
Le jour naissant t' éveillera,
Le jour mourant, sous le feuillage
A notre couche nous rendra.
Puisse tu, maitresse adored,
Te plaindre encore de sa duree ?
Viens, &c.

4.

Quand l'etè, vers un sol fertile
Conduit les moissonneurs nombreux;
Quand près d'eux la glaneuse agile
Cherche l'épi du malheureux,
Combien sur les gerbes nouvelles,
De baisers pris aux pastourelles.
Viens, &c.

5.

Quand des corbeilles de l'automne
S'épanche à flots un doux nectar,
Près de la cave qui bouillone
On voit s'égayer le vieillard—
Et cet oracle du village
Chante les amours d'un autre âge.
Viens, &c.

6.

Allons visiter les rivages
Que tu croiras des bords lointains.
Je verrai sous d'épais ombrages
Tes pas devenir incertains—
Le desir cherche un lit de mousse,
Le monde est loin, l'herbe est si douce!
Viens, &c.

7.

C'en est fait!—adieu, vains spectacles—
Adieu, Paris, où je me plus—
Où les beaux arts font des miracles,
Où la tendresse n'en fait plus—
Rose, dèrobons à l'envie,
Le doux secret de notre vie.
Viens, &c.

Vol. 1, 242.

THE FIELDS.

1.

Oh fly! my Rose, in morning's prime:
Your downy couch you now must leave;
The church-clock sounds the appointed time,
The hours to rapture we will give.
Far from the city let us stray,
Where happiness points out the way—
Then in the country let us rove,
The fields shall teach us how to love.

2.

The softest turf our feet shall press,
Whilst thou upon my arm art leaning;

We'll feel all nature's tenderness,
And by our love explain its meaning.
Beneath yon foliage quick repair,
The birds with song invite us there—
Then in the country let us rove,
The fields shall teach us how to love.

3.

That simple life be ours to share,
At break of day awakened rise!
And to our welcome couch repair,
At evening when the sunlight flies.
Would'st thou, my dearest, wish them less,
These long sweet hours of tenderness—
Then in the country let us rove,
The fields shall teach us how to love.

4

When summer to the harvest field
In crowds the joyous rustics sends—
And to descry if ought it yield,
The gleaner still her labour spends;
Oh then upon the sheafs fresh shaken,
How many rustic kisses taken;
Then in the country let us rove,
The fields shall teach us how to love.

5

The vintage crowns the peasant's board,
Th' inspiring juice abundant flows;
Nigh to the tun with nectar stored,
The old man's voice more cheery grows;
While round the rustics watch his eye,
He sings the loves of years gone by;
Then in the conuntry let us rove,
The fields shall teach us how to love.

6.

And when t' explore some peaceful glade
Along the river's banks we wander,
I'll see beneath th' embowering shade
Thy steps decline, thy look grow fonder—
The world is far—the turf we press,
How sweet, my love, the fond caress;
Then in the country let us rove,
The fields shall teach us how to love.

7.

Tis done—adieu the show—the glare—
Paris without regret I leave—
Here art has all of rich and rare,
But tenderness has naught to give.

Then quick, my Rose, quick let us fly,
Our love disdains the vulgar eye;
Then in the country let us rove,
The fields shall teach us how to love.

But how far is Beranger from being *merely* an epicurean songster, who adds a charm to the sunny hours of youthful enjoyment, and consoles us feelingly for their loss. Most eminently and truly he is the poet of the people; all his sympathies are for the people's pleasures and the people's rights. Looking at his works in reference to this their popular tendency, we shall observe an admirable consistency throughout. Whether in his hearty appreciation of all that can conduce to their social happiness in its most extended sense, or in his indignant appeals against specific acts of tyranny and bigotry, or again in his never-failing recurrence to the people's favourite pastimes, we shall trace an admirable unity of purpose. De Beranger's career has laid in eventful times; he has seen

France under almost every form of government. In his boyhood, a witness of the capture of the Bastile, (which, after forty years, he celebrated in a spirited lyric effusion ;) his youth passed under the Empire, with its dazzling train of military glory abroad and military despotism at home ; in his maturity, witnessing the downfall of Napoleon—the hundred days, so rich in political apostacy—the restoration of the Bourbons, and the dawning hopes of France crushed by the collapse of increasing kingly and priestly tyranny for fifteen years. He was himself incarcerated for a second time in 1829, by one of the last acts of the miserable despotism of Charles X. ; and at length he saw the three days of July, and celebrates this great event in one of his latest productions. But it is to the restoration that his writings properly belong ; they embody the outpourings of the national gaiety released after long wars to taste the blessings of peace ; they embody too all that caustic satire which can exist only under an unpopular govern-

ment. To tyranny we owe the most spirited efforts of the satiric muse.

Of Beranger's entire works, which may be purchased in three volumes for five francs, (probably, considering their excellence and variety, the cheapest of all contemporary literature,) the first volume is remarkable for its mixture of humour, fancy, and pathos ; and as it is the privilege of this gifted writer to appeal to the sympathies of nearly all classes of readers, the young and convivial will find here their favourite *morceaux* ; his great principle of popular advocacy must be sought for rather in the general heartiness of sympathy with the pleasures of the people, than in any resistance to specific acts of tyranny. Towards the end of the volume, (the second published portion of his works,) a vein of acute political satire begins to make itself felt, witness "La Sainte Alliance Barbaresque," "Les Capucins," &c. This attains its full developement in the second volume, which will be the favourite, probably, with all to whom

cutting sarcasm, clothed in polished wit, and where the indignant sympathies of the man are at times veiled by the satirist's perception of the ludicrous, are their favourite ground.

The most piquant of these political satires have been already translated, and are as familiar as household words to the English reader. "*Les infiniment Petits*," for example, will be a by-word against all imbecile tyrannies, whether of kingship, priestcraft, or aristocracy, to the end of all human institutions. "*Le Diable est mort*," will apply to all mischief-making political priests, equally with the rampant Jesuits of that day, in their full-blown insolence of reacquired power.

"*Octavie*," a model of satirical allegory, and which has something strangely fascinating to our minds in its very rhythm and diction, must have been a tremendous hard hit at the time. If we mistake not, it is the same royal favourite who figures in a spirited scene (that at the church of St. Roch) in Janin's clever novel, "*Le chemin*

de traverse." "Le convoi de David," admirably translated in Father Prout's relics, and "Le tombeau de Manuel," (the author's most valued friend,) are admirable for their generous sympathy with the cause of freedom; and in "Les Enfants de la France," the author soars above his accustomed level into a sublimity of thought and diction not unworthy of the highest efforts of the lyric muse. "Le Grenier," of which we have attempted the translation, "Le Temps," "Les Filles," a charming sportive ballad, "Les étoiles qui filent," and "Le Pigeon Messenger," also included in Father Prout's specimens, are among the most agreeable of the miscellaneous pieces of the second volume.

But perhaps the matured reader will find the most complete lyrical specimens in the third and concluding volume. There is less exuberance of fancy, less dash of gaiety and animal spirits, but abundant vigour, and a chastened maturity of judgment befitting the age and experience of the writer. "Jeane la Rousse" is as simple

and fresh in its ruralism as one of Wordsworth's ballads. "Mon Tombeau," an admirable blending of the sportive and serious in thought; "Le Nostalgie" condenses the fate of thousands of young and ardent spirits who have been engulfed, along with their hopes, in the whirlpool of a great capital. And the capture of the Bastille, dated in its fortieth anniversary from the prison of La Force, to which his free speaking in the cause of liberty, and redoubtable powers as a writer, had consigned Beranger, is not unworthy of the great event it commemorates. We fear the vigour and freshness of this spirited composition will sadly evaporate in our translation; but claiming this indulgence, we cannot conclude this notice without attempting

LE 14 JUILLET.

La Force, 1829.

Pour un captif, souvenir plein de charmes !

J'étais bien jeune ; on criait : Vengeons nous !

A la Bastille ! aux armes ! vite aux armes !

Marchands, bourgeois, artisans, couraient tous.

Je vois pâlir et mère et femme, et fille—

Le canon gronde au rappels du tambour :

Victoire au peuple ! il a pris la Bastille :

Un beau soleil a fêté ce grand jour,

A fêté ce grand jour.

2.

Enfans, vieillards, riche ou pauvre, on s'embrasse ;

Les femmes vont redisant mille exploits.

Héros du Siège, un soldat bleu qui passe,

Est applaudi des mains et de la voix ;

Le nom du roi frappe alors mon oreille,

De la Fayette on parle avec amour,

La France est libre, et ma raison s'éveille.

Un beau soleil, &c.

3.

Le lendemain, un vieillard docte et grave,

Guida mes pas sur d'immenses débris.

Mon fils, dit il, ici d'un peuple esclave,

Le despotisme étouffait tous les cris.

Mais des captifs pour y loger la foule,

Il creusa tant au pied de chaque tour,

Q'au premier choc le vieux chateau s'écroule.

Un beau soleil, &c.

4.

“ La Libertè rebelle antique et sainte,
Mon fils, s’armant des fers de nos aïeux,
A son triomphe appelle en cette enceinte,
L’égalité qui redescend des cieux.
De ces deux sœurs la foudre gronde et brille,
C’est Mirabeau tonnante contre la cour,
Sa voix nous crie : ‘ Encore une bastille!’
Un beau soleil, &c.

5.

“ Où nous semons chaque peuple moissonne
Déjà vingt rois au bruit de nos débats
Portent tremblants la main à leur couronne,
Et leurs sujets de nous parlent tout bas,
Des droits de l’homme ici l’ère féconde:
S’ouvre et du globe accomplira le tour,
Sur ces débris, Dieu crée un nouveau monde,”
Un beau soleil, &c.

6.

De ces leçons, qu’un vieillard m’a données
Le souvenir dans mon cœur sommeillait.
Mais je revois, après quarante années,
Sous les verroux, le quatorze Juillet.

O Liberté! ma voix, qu'on veut proscrire,
Redit ta gloire aux murs de ce séjour.
A mes barreaux l'aurore vient sourire;
Un beau soleil fête encore ce grand jour,
Fête encore ce grand jour!

Vol. iii.—43.

THE 14th JULY.

1.

Oh! sweet remembrance to a captive's mind,
In youth I heard that cry to vengeance! rise;
To the Bastille! to arms! arms let us find!
All Paris at that call obedient flies!
Pale grew the women, mother, wife, and child—
Mixed with the drums appeal the cannons' roar:
The fortress fell, the conquering people smiled;
A glorious sun that day has gilded o'er,
That day has gilded o'er.

2.

The young, the old, the rich and poor embrace,
A thousand exploits crowd the oft told tale;

The blue-clad soldier, * as he passed the place,
With hand and voice the exulting people hail.
Touching the king, how many voices roll;
Of La Fayette the people speak yet more:
My country's freedom dawns upon my soul.
A glorious sun that day has gilded o'er,
That day has gilded o'er.

3.

The morrow came—an aged man my guide,
I wandered o'er the ruin's shapeless size.
“'Twas here, my son,” he said, “that tyrants tried
To stifle all a suffering people's cries.
Here, to contain the captive's long array,
Beneath each tower fresh prison cells they bore;
Thus at the first assault the walls give way.
A glorious sun that day has gilded o'er,
That day has gilded o'er.

4.

“But Liberty, whom none could e'er enslave,
Forging her armour from our fathers' thrall,

* The Garde Francaise had joined the people in great numbers, and were of material service in the seige.

Summons Equality her cause to save,
Who comes from heaven obedient to the call,—
With thunder armed these sisters wage the fight;
'Tis Mirabeau, with giant voice before,
'What still,' he cries, 'this dungeon blasts our sight.'
A glorious sun that day has gilded o'er,
That day has gilded o'er.

5.

"The seed here sown, the world at large shall reap,
All despots tremble at this people's voice,
And vainly strive their tottering crowns to keep,
Their subjects inly at our deeds rejoice.
The banner of the rights of man, unfurled,
O'er the wide globe shall float for evermore.
God from these ruins shapes a new-formed world."
A glorious sun that day has gilded o'er,
That day has gilded o'er.'

6.

These lessons, by the old man's voice instilled,
Within my heart have long-time slumbering lay;
But now, of forty years the course fulfilled,
Through prison bars, once more I hail this day.

Oh, Liberty! my voice, proscribed, shall swell,
And in thy praise above this dungeon soar.
The morning light dawns in my prison cell;
Again the sun this day is gilding o'er,
This day is gilding o'er.

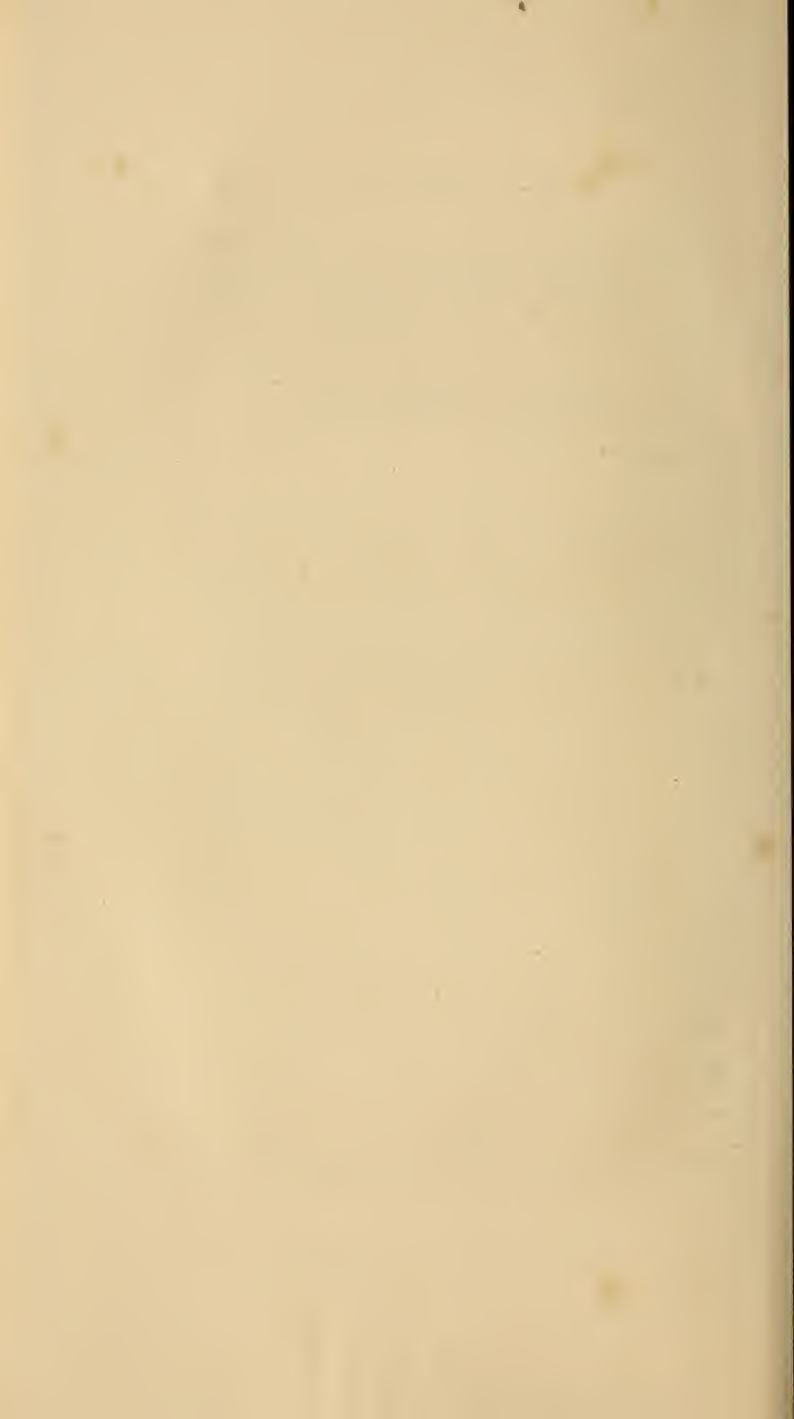
Ere another year's July had passed, a month doubly memorable in the annals of France, and of freedom, the tyranny which incarcerated the poet was as completely levelled with the dust as the ruins of the Bastille. And now we take leave of Beranger: who could criticise with carping minuteness a man like him? whose mirthful strains appeal to all who love the social pleasures of life, and whose attachment to liberty, and exertions for, and sympathy with the people's cause, through a long and not unchequered career, demand the deeper and graver admiration of every friend of freedom.

May his old age be as happy, as exempt from care, and as fully crowned with the kindly sympathies of his friends, his country-

men, and the generous spirits of all countries,
as he has himself described, in his beautiful
lines :—

“ Mes amis, ce n'est pas vieillir ! ”

December, 1837.



REVIEW OF THE WRITINGS OF MONSIEUR DE BALZAC.

PERFECTLY unbiassed criticism may be expected to prevail somewhere about the time of the Millenium; meanwhile, the lovers of truth and fair discussion may be thankful for every exposure of that which is notoriously biassed and false. It is a literary dictum, the triteness of which amounts nearly to a truism, that in the repuolic of letters all local barriers are abolished—that *here* there exists no arbitrary division of country or climate: a successful author is at once welcomed by the whole society. Yet actually there are many drawbacks on the

working of the principle. Even when national prejudice is extinct, varieties in national taste interpose between an author and the full acknowledgement of his talent by contemporary judgment. All this, being inevitable, it would be unwise to expend our lamentations upon it; reserving, rather, our indignation for instances of wilful misrepresentation, and unblushing sacrifice of truth to the prejudices of the writer. Unhappily we need not travel far in order to find an antagonist who fulfils these conditions. To give one instance, in the bitter article on popular works of fiction in contemporary French literature, which appeared some time ago in the *Quarterly Review*, with what restless anxiety the writer turns from the alleged immorality of the works on which he sits in judgment, to trace back this evil to the three days, and the overthrow of the paternal government of Charles X.

The object of the following criticism is to render justice to an author, who, although enjoying a brilliant reputation across the channel,

has been treated with marked injustice by our British literary public. The Quarterly Review closes a meagre and shallow criticism nearly in these words :—"Monsieur de Balzac never had *any taste*, and his *shallow vein* of talent is now worked out."* Now, to express our sense of the excessive injustice of this remark, we will not merely enter on a laudatory critique on M. de Balzac's works, but will quote freely from them, thus bringing the question of their talent or worthlessness at once fairly before the public. In pursuing this course, we are, perhaps, going

* It is true that this sentence was preceded by some, expressing a qualified approbation, such as "M. de Balzac is occasionally eloquent," &c.; but these laudatory scraps were intended, it would seem, only to render the critical damnation in conclusion more entire. We have called the critique in question by hard names ; we think it unfair, for this reason among others,—the little stories which make up the scenes of Parisian, Private Life, &c., slender as they are, *as narratives*, are analysed by the reviewer, merely *as such*, and the plots given, without often a word as to the theories on society, &c. embodied in them, and which are generally the vital, informing part of these slender structures.

over what is beaten ground with many ; yet if, in any instance, we can remove a prejudice, or lead to the perusal of a gifted writer, we shall forgive ourselves this repetition. The Quarterly has taken up its position ; it stands committed before the literary public of Europe, as advancing the above opinion on M. de Balzac, and our literature must share, in some degree, the consequences attached to the opinions of a leading review. Let it not be said that no voice has been raised in behalf of truth, and the recognition of a man of genius. In entering our protest against the criticism in question, we are anxious not to run into the opposite extreme of laudatory extravagance. We will at once admit that the morality of some few of M. de B.'s works is questionable enough, and that his opinions on many social points, marriage for instance, (though less prominently advanced than in Sand's novels) are at variance with the established sentiments of society ; yet, after all these deductions, how wide an interval remains

before we adhere to the unqualified censures of the review. From the estimate there given of his talents we, of course, entirely dissent.*

But the criticism of the Quarterly is not the only injustice that M. de Balzac has received from us. Mr. H. Bulwer, in his "Monarchy of the Middle Classes," gives certain garbled extracts from the *Peau de Chagrin*, in which portions of that work, ridiculous enough, certainly, without the clue of the context, are held up to notice, as specimens of one of the most popular works in what he calls "French light literature." In the chapter in question, passages from a number of popular fictions are run into one-another, without the least connection ;

* Since the above was written, partial justice has been rendered to Monsieur de Balzac, in an article on "The philosophy of Fiction," (London Review, April, 1838). With the enlarged and liberal spirit of that article we heartily concur ; but from the number of authors it professes to review (nothing less than the body of contemporary French fiction) not more than a page is allotted to De Balzac. Without any disparagement of his numerous and talented contemporaries, we think his works well deserve having a separate article devoted to them.

and then Mr. Bulwer triumphantly asks us, "Is this sensible, coherent composition?" It would be just as fair in a French writer on our literature to dovetail the ravings of Lear into a quotation from Maturin's Melmoth, and then ask if Shakspeare was not overrated in his native country.

It is always unpleasant to differ from a lady, especially so agreeable a writer as Mrs. Trollope; but in her book on Paris, she evidently gets beyond her depth. In her critiques on contemporary French literature, M. de Balzac, among others, comes off but poorly; her opinion of the Peau de Chagrin is curious, and if true, would save considerable time to the reader who is entering on the first page. "I will not enter," says she, "into a critical examination of its merits, as I cannot conceive time *to be occupied* more unprofitably." She then, a far easier task, quotes and misinterprets a portion of the preface. The following sentence, "Enfin le temps present marche si vite, le vie intellectuelle

deborde partout avec tant de force, que plusieurs idées sont vieillis pendant que l'auteur imprimait son ouvrage," according to Mrs. T.'s interpretation, 'proves conclusively the ephemeral nature of the work, instead of the attempt, at least, of the author to embody the shifting characteristics of modern society.

M. de Balzac is a prolific author, but we shall not examine all his works in detail, neither shall we go through the divisions in which they have been classed, as to their subject matter, by an extravagantly laudatory French critic, M. Davin. It will be sufficient for our purpose to examine four of M. de Balzac's principal fictions, viz., *The Peau de Chagrin*, *The Scenes of Parisian*, *of Provincial*, and *of Private Life*, introducing the reader to his peculiar style, by occasional quotation.

We have no acquaintance with M. Balzac, beyond that derived from his writings; we have no claims of partizanship to fulfil in opposing his depreciators, beyond the promptings of truth

and fair play, and our gratitude for the pleasure we have derived from his works. And not merely pleasure !—brilliant and sparkling as are the creations of his fancy, we should not, for a moment, think of classing them under the head of light literature: most of them result from the deep meditations of a philosophic mind on the constitution of society. We will commence, then, by giving an analysis of the *Peau de Chagrin*, reserving, for the present, our estimate of the peculiar powers of the author.

The scene opens (appropriately enough, in a work which deals chiefly with social life in its perverted forms) in the Palais Royal. Raphael, the hero, enters a *maison de jeu* in that celebrated locality, and loses his last stake. There is much in the treatment of the entire scene, at once characteristic of the author, and introductory to the general scope of the work. To the former belong the fanciful analogies, suggested by the rule which compels every person to surrender his hat, on entering one of these

establishments, and above all, the elaborate portraiture of the "human antithesis," which these apartments present.* In these passages we see an endeavour to trace back the movements of society to their first principles, and to disclose the under-current of motive, in the wildest caprices of human action. And these we shall find are favorite points throughout M. de Balzac's works. Introductory to the scope of this particular fiction, a startling portion of modern life is placed before our eyes; "last stage in the eventful history" of thousands who have played a brilliant part on the theatre of society; it is the downward passage—the step before the plunge, which divides the glittering course of youthful pleasure from the gulph of ruin, despair and suicide. Our author's portraiture of this painful scene has all the minute fidelity of Hogarth; the style and diction are pointed and vigorous. As an example we may mention the

* This article was written before the houses were closed by the French government.

effect produced even on the hardened inmates of this den of vice, by the unutterable misery depicted on the countenance of Raphael.

His last step in the career of life being finished, nothing remains but the last resource of suicide ; he determines however to postpone the catastrophe till the shades of night shall envelope his end in their kindred gloom. Life—the life of any man, apparently the most insignificant, has been called “the most indubitable poem ;” considered, that is, as a revelation of human nature, beside which all fictions appear poor and incomplete. Somewhat analogous to this idea, is the following passage :—

Il y a, je ne sais quoi de grand et d'épouvantable dans le suicide. Dans la vie, les chûtes d'une multitude de gens sont sans danger, comme celles des enfans qui tombent de trop bas pour se blesser ; mais quand un homme se brise, il doit venir de bien haut, s'être élevée dans les cieux, avoir entrevu quelque paradis inaccessible.

“Implacable doivent être les ouragans qui nous forcent à demander la paix de l’âme à la bouche d’un pistolet. Que de jeunes talens s’étioient confinés dans une mansarde, * * * en présence d’une foule lassée d’or, et qui s’ennuie. A cette pensée le suicide prend des proportions gigantesques. Entre une mort volontaire, et la féconde espérance, dont la voix appelle un jeune homme à Paris, Dieu seul sait combien il y a de chefs d’œuvre avortés ; de conceptions de poésie dépensées ; de désespoir, de cris étouffés, de vaines tentatives ! Chaque suicide est un poème sublime de mélancolie. Ou trouverez vous dans l’océan des littératures un livre surnageant qui puisse lutter de génie avec ces trois lignes ? “ Hier à quatre heure une jeune femme s’est jetée dans la Seine, du haut du Pont des Arts.” Devant ce laconisme parisien, les drames, les romans, tout pâlit.”

Peau de Chagrin, vol. i. p. 49-50.

The natural close, we fear, is self destruction

to a life of selfish gratification; the instrument is worn out, and remains but to be broken. Sometimes, we would hope not often, irremediable misfortune conducts to the same end. In these and their combined cases, the egotisms of society have at once their denouement and their victims. And the contemplation of society under these perverted phases is certainly favourite ground with M. de Balzac.

An extraordinary scene follows. To wile away the last hours of his life, famine already raging at his vitals, Raphael enters a Magazine of Antiquities, where are collected all of rare and curious, that ancient and modern art can furnish. The effect of this vast museum of mingled loveliness and horror and quaintness, on the physical inanition and wandering brain of the unhappy man, is minutely described. The excursive nature of the subject gives ample scope for the author's opinions on a variety of topics. Of this he is not slow in availing himself, but drives his intellectual omnibus over the wide world, ancient and

modern. Take as an instance the following eulogium on Cuvier.

“M. Cuvier, n’est il pas le plus grand poete de notre siecle ? Lord Byron a bien reproduit par des mots quelques agitations morales ; mais notre immortel naturaliste a reconstruit des mondes avec des os blanchis, a rebâti, comme Cadmus, des cités avec des dents, a repeuplé mille forêts avec quelques fragmens de houille, a retrouvé des populations de gens dans le pied d’un mammoth.”—*Peau de Chag.* i. 74.

The presiding genius of the scene, the wizard of the enchanted cave, is now introduced to our notice ; a shrivelled old man, of whom a description too lengthy to quote, is given ; he displays to Raphael a portrait of Christ, the description of which, though beautiful, we omit for the same reason.

The *Peau de Chagrin*, a talisman conferring

the unlimited gratification of the wishes, at the price of a decrease of vital power, exactly proportionate to their frequency and intensity, is at length offered to, and accepted by Raphael. This magical investiture of the hero brings to a natural close, what may be considered as the first portion of the work. Raphael has now ceased to be a man living the ordinary life of mortals ; struggling with the wants of human nature, and dependant on his own exertions for their gratification ; he is henceforth elevated above, yet not separated from the world, for the ultimate moral of the entire work goes to prove the supremacy of society, or the external world, over the energies of an individual will, however powerful. The history of his past career is subsequently given as a narrative ; but this is anticipating—we now turn to his first exercise of his newly acquired power—to his first wish. This has nothing romantic or sublime in its conception ; it is not for empire or fame, or the social

happiness of millions, but for a banquet and soirée, each perfect of their kind, and where one excitement terminates only by the introduction of a newer and more potent charm. This is in strict accordance with another sentiment of our author. “Rien ne se denoue poétiquement dans la nature.”

Let those who are inclined to sneer at the grovelling choice of De Balzac's hero, recollect that he had lived a life of perpetual excitement, alternate luxury, and all but starvation, and that after his whole constitution, physical and moral, had been unhinged by the pleasures, famine had now its pangs in his vitals. If any think he would have made a wiser choice, let him first descend from his vantage ground of social position, let him abdicate his throne of ease and plenty, let him, after fulfilling the other conditions we have named, lose his last stake at play, meditate suicide, and then under the pressure of starvation, obtain the talisman.

But the Peau is no vulgar engine of supernatural machinery; it is a type of human destiny in its high and palmy state, sublime in its consciousness of power, yet subjected to the conditions of mortality; it is the *vouloir* and *pouvoir* united — the intensity of passion and the energy of the will, with the reaction and ultimate destruction which are their necessary heritage.

Raphael's first wish is speedily accomplished. In issuing from the door of the Magazine, where he has obtained the talisman, he is saluted by three of his most intimate companions. These congenial spirits explain, that a journal having been lately established, in furtherance of the political views of their party, a banquet, or feed, as we should call it, initiatory to the select few, conciliatory to the public, is about to be given, at the mansion of a celebrated banker. Our hero, as a *bon vivant*, *homme d'esprit*, *mauvais sujet*, fast liver, in short, is associated with the party.

A witty, but somewhat free dialogue between the friends, introduces us to the banquet; and here, who would venture to dilute the admirable descriptions of our author? the attempt would be as sacrilegious as to infuse what is called (on the *lucus non lucendo* principle) the pure element (as if the second-hand distillation of our sewers could rival in purity the choicest growths of Burgundy and the Rhine) into a bowl of punch, just after the admixture of green tea.

Suffice it to say, it is the best and politest drunken scene we ever met with.

But as “Amurath to Amurath succeeds,”—yet not so, for a mightier than Amurath is here—the banquet ushers in the *soirée*, where all the previous revelry fades before the intoxicating brilliancy of the scene. “Pleasures,” says Bulwer, speaking of the noctes of King George IV., of jovial memory, “where sense lavished its uncounted varieties; revellings where wine was the least excitement.” And here we have the

picture in the most glowing colours. Lucretius has left us his invocation to Venus Genetrix; Horace, Ovid, Tibullus, and a host of minor classics, have contributed their quota to adorn the gallery of the voluptuary; but in this style of painting, we will back De Balzac against the field. Excursing through by-gone ages, let us impanel a jury of masters in the art of pleasure; Petronius Arbiter, stand thou first on the list—let Thomas Little close the illustrious array. The *soirée* merges into an orgy, revelry is drowned in clamour: Raphael in his cups, gets what bon-vivants would call his second wind, and by way of finish, gives us the history of his life. In this retrospective narrative, the history is brought up to the period at which we had previously arrived—viz., the accomplishment of the first wish consequent on the acquisition of the talisman.

Educated under the surveillance of a rigid father, Raphael passed his youth in a forced ab-

stinence from the pleasures of Paris. At the age of twenty-two he was left an orphan; and here commence his struggles with the world. His feelings at this period are thus described:—

“Mon âme sans cesse arrêtée dans ses expansions, s'était repliée sur elle même; et plein de franchise, de naturel, je devais paraître froid, dissimulé. Le despotisme de mon père m'ayant ôté toute confiance en moi, j'étais timide et gauche. * * * * Malgré la voix intérieure qui doit soutenir tous les hommes de talent dans leurs luttes, et qui me criait Courage—Marche—”—i, 190.

The bashfulness attendant on an ardent and powerful mind, possessing nearly every knowledge but that practical acquaintance with the world, that happy audacity, for which it would willingly barter all the rest, is skilfully anatomized by our author. A state of feeling is this, well nigh sublime in its ignorance, and to which the *gens blasés* may well look back with a

regretful feeling, intertwined as it is with the vivid sensations of youth. Like most men who have little actual success in love, Raphael sighs for the ideal, and continually falls back on such gloomy reflections as the following :—

“ Oh ! se senter né pour aimer, pour rendre une femme bien heureuse, et ne pas avoir trouvé même une courageuse et noble Marceline * * * porter des tresors dans une besace, et ne pouvoir rencontrer même une enfant, quelque jeune fille curieuse pour les lui faire admirer.”—i, 194.

But his feelings soon undergo a change ; wounded vanity stamps his deportment with a decided air ; in learning to despise the world he obtains the first insight into the materials of success.

The following remarks, which embody a good deal of worldly shrewdness, are not over complimentary to the fair sex.

“ Le femmes sont habituées, par je ne sais quelle pente de leur esprit, à ne voir dans un

homme de talent que ses défauts ; et dans un sot que ses qualités ; alors elles éprouvent des grandes sympathées pour les qualités du sot, qui sont une flatterie perpétuelle de leurs propres défauts ; tandis que l'homme supérieur ne leur offre pas assez d'avantages pour compenser ses imperfections. Le talent est une fièvre intermittente, et nulle femme n'est bien jalouse d'en partager seulement les malaises."—i, 198.

The view here taken of the female character forms no inapt introduction to the Countess Fædora, "la femme sans cœur," who gives a name to this portion of the work. This we consider as the most elaborate portrait of a heartless coquette in modern fiction ; every detail is most carefully wrought, and strictly accessory to the entire effect. [And here we are led to mention a favorite position of our author, that view, namely, of society in masses, which almost trenches on the sphere of political enquiry ; and when, as in the case before us, his single portraits stand

out in bold individuality, in these he sees too the types of a class, and is in haste to shift his position to a gregarious view. “La femme sans cœur” is not *merely* the portrait of a coquette, but a personification of coquetry and egotism. It is as if M. de Balzac mapped out Paris, his world of human nature, and then indicated each division of this world by a single mark; Fædora, then, represents the province of coquetry.

Raphael, ambitious, poor, talented,—at war with destiny—yearning for an object on which to vent his impassioned longings, is introduced to the salon of the Countess Fædora, the adored of all Paris, and whom no lover has yet been able to subdue. Here is a field for the ambition of an ardent mind; he sets all his energies to the task, and is himself soon bound up, soul and body, in the success of the enterprise.

There is, to our mind, something grand and affecting, in the collision of these opposing natures; it partakes at once of the pathetic and the

sublime. We see the man of genius, lavishing all his treasures of intellect and passion, on this barren wilderness; he dashes himself to atoms against the icy barrier of immovable egotism. The picture is grand from its moral antithesis alone; but above all it is admirable for the depth to which it probes into the very core of social life.

These antagonist impersonations, the finished coquette—the passionate youth, typify a hundred conflicts daily taking place around us, though the opposing characteristics may not be so strongly developed. Yet, who does not sympathise with Raphael's vain efforts to achieve the impossible, to arouse a passion where there exist no responsive materials to feed the flame. And the denouement of this contest is strictly natural; an inferior artist would have made his hero triumph, in good-natured obedience to the wishes of the reader. De Balzac, in accordance with nature, makes him yield to the superiority

of the non-resisting force with which he is in hostility. The quotation of individual passages would mar the completeness of this scene; but other matters are touched upon. Raphael, in his humble chamber, (where, before he glittered in the salons of the Countess, he used to devote his hours to solitary study) is attended on by a sweet young creature, Pauline; who feels for him about as hopeless a passion as he is cherishing for Fadora. The following description of a student's chamber is not without its beauties.

“ Le calme, et le silence nécessaires au savant, ont je ne sais quoi de doux, d'enivrant comme l'amour. L'exercice de la pensée, la recherche des idées, les contemplations tranquilles de la science, nous prodiguent d'ineffables delices, indescriptibles comme tout ce qui participe de l'intelligence dont les phénomènes sont invisibles a nos sens extérieurs; aussi sommes nous toujours forcés d'expliquer les mystères de l'esprit par des comparaisons avec la matière.

Ainsi le plaisir de nager dans un lac d'eau pure, au milieu des rochers, des bois, des fleurs, seul, caressé par une brise tiède, donnerait aux ignorans une bien faible image du bonheur que j'éprouvais quand mon âme était baignée dans les lueurs de je ne sais quelle lumière, quand j'écoutais les voix terribles et confusés de l'inspiration, quand les images ruisselaient d'une source inconnue dans mon cerveau palpitant. Oh! voir une idée pointant dans le vide des abstractions humaines, comme le lèver du soleil au matin, s'élevant comme lui, jetant des rayons, * * * est une joie égale aux autres joies terrestres, ou plutôt un divin plaisir, puis l'étude prête une sorte de magie à tout ce qui nous environne." i.—210. 211.

But the curtain falls on the solitary student—it rises on the Parisian roué. Driven to desperation by the cold selfishness of Fædora, Raphael attempts to stifle his passion amid the pleasures of Paris. He takes his degree with

promptitude, as Lord Byron said, in all the fashionable vices. His farewell scene with the Countess Fædora is very highly finished. It gives the last outpourings of impetuous passion, powerless, of course, against the impenetrable barrier of selfish egotism.

The elaborate portrait of "la femme sans cœur" is now completed. In installing Raphael in his new career, the author gives us a singular chapter, which may be styled the commendation of debauch. This may rank, in depth of saturnine humour, with that quaint old English book, Cornwallis's *Encomiums*. To suppose it anything but ironical in its drift, is a palpable absurdity; but it must be confessed, that there breathes throughout a lurking kindness for the "large vie" of dissipation it describes. It may not here be irrelevant to say a few words on the alleged immorality of M. de Balzac's writings.

Immorality in books may be divided into two great heads. First, the presenting vivid sensual

images to the reader, and exciting what are technically (in the world's jargon) called the passions, as if lust were the only one deserving that name. Secondly, the giving such a cynical view of life, as leads us to think worse of human nature and our species than they deserve, and to tolerate vice *because* we despair of virtue. There are few who mix in the world, who have not heard gentlemen of this school (which is rather popular in our day, for reasons we shall mention hereafter) support their theories by varied and ingenious arguments. The class is well typified in the following sketch of one of De Balzac's roués.—

“Il professait au sujet de tous les caprices une parfaite indifferance, et les croyoit justifiés par cela même qu'ils se pouvaient satisfaire.”

The first is generally backed by the practical sophistry of supposing any essential novelty in sensual enjoyments. Man, it is true, is ever striving to be original in his pleasures, but he is

for ever chained down by the sameness of sensation.

The moralist may deduce naturally enough herefrom, the essentially low and confined nature of sensual enjoyments,—the moral antipodes of the arts and sciences, of all that *progressively* refines and liberalizes society ; these at *once* attain their full growth ; and successors in the pursuit are compelled, by the nature of the sensations they recognise as their only good, to tread in the self-same round. There are no such inveterate mannerists and copyists as your voluptuaries !

All probably that can be done to enhance the charm by calling in the imagination to the aid of the senses, and investing by the force of individual genius, the gross actual with the rainbow hues of the ideal, has from time to time found its place in the literature of voluptuous epochs ; and on this count, though we cannot hold M. de Balzac entirely acquitted, though some additional flowers to deck this gaudy wreath may be

culled from his writings, yet barring those passages which are evidently ironical, we should not name the sensual as a decided characteristic of his works. But neither is this, we think, the prevalent character of an epoch of high civilization like our own. The immorality of its literature will belong rather to our second count. That is to say, reflection on the weaknesses and vices of human nature, as well in private life and individual instances, as in the hypocrisy and rottenness of many plausible public institutions, will lead, as we have said, to a strong caustic satire, to an almost cynical view of human life and social institutions. That this view of mankind includes a lapse of morality (which must retain some belief in virtue, and be hopeful as to the destinies of our species) few will be disposed to deny.

With this defect, many of M. de Balzac's works might be justly chargeable, depicting as they do, society under its most perverted forms, were it not for the sweet portraits of all that is most virtuous in our nature which are also scattered

throughout. If then his writings be considered, as they justly may, as dwelling much on the dark and evil, let it not be said that he leaves the reader without their natural counterpoise. We shall recur to instances of this, when considering the scenes of provincial and private life.

To return from this digression. The dissipations of Raphael ere long find their natural close; the laws of nature must be obeyed; “ ’tis the pace that kills” is dictated by immutable truth, and comes home to the Parisian roué: his decline and fall are rapid; he has recourse to the usual routine of expedients adopted by young gentlemen of large ideas, and small purses, and this gives opportunity for the introduction of a very forcible chapter on the miseries of debt, which all must agree to be highly moral in its drift, and well worthy the attention of all young men about town.

Play resuscitates our hero for a time, but at length his last stake is lost. The narrative is thus brought up to the period at which the

action commences ; a word as to the way in which it is managed.

All men of convivial experience well know how long winded and prosy gentlemen will occasionally become on these occasions ; we think we can remember to have witnessed (“ horrescimus referentes,”) what de Balzac calls “ a debauch of words,” which lasted some two or three hours : yet still, a narrative of the length here given, which occupies nearly half of the entire work, it must be confessed, somewhat outrages probability. It occurs too, be it remembered, after a protracted banquet, soirée, &c., allowing for which it would certainly have lasted till the dejeuner hereafter recorded.

But all things have an end, sayeth the sage, and though a prosy fellow, Raphael at last finishes his story, and after a drunken altercation with his friend, sinks to repose.

Our ancestors, hard-headed port-soakers they, were accustomed to say, that though the operation

of getting drunk was rather agreeable than otherwise, getting sober was the devil ! But the innovating spirit of modern times has attacked even this relic of ancestral sagacity, though it must be confessed we do not so often put it to the test. And Byron, in his commendation of the matutinal "draught of hock and soda water," throws all his weight into the opposing scale.

De Balzac, however, as a novelist, may be excused for a leaning to the glittering antithesis of contrast, that most potent engine of his art; and he gives us his waking scene, in which all the actors, with one exception, are sufficiently *seedy* to stand out in most complete and gloomy relief against the brilliant extravagance of the preceding orgy. If truth be here (and we pronounce no decided opinion on this knotty point) at all sacrificed to effect, we would forgive the trickery of authorcraft, for the home pathos of the following passage. The feelings of some of the females who form part of this motley group, are thus

described on their awaking amidst the remains of last night's dissipation.

“Malgré leur habitude du vice, quelques unes de ces jeunes filles pensèrent à leur réveil d'autrefois, quand, innocentes et pures, elles entrevoyaient, par leurs croisées champêtres ornées de chèvrefeuilles et de roses, un frais paysage, enchanté par les joyeuses roulades de l'alouette, vaporeusement illuminé par les lueurs de l'aurore, et paré des fadaises de la rosée.

D'autres se peignirent le déjeuner de la famille, la table, autour de laquelle riaient innoemment les enfans et le père, ou tout respirait un charme indéfinissable, ou les mets étaient simples comme les cœurs.”—ii, 96.

As a picture, surely this is perfect in its way ; do we not see before us that fresh and rural home, and the fantastic wreaths of mist that half veil the morning landscape, and within that casement a vision of maiden purity and joy, so that we can lap ourselves in the sweet calm of all around, and forget for a moment the vice and

misery of the actual world, the hard real drama of life, its denouement and its victims.

But lo! the scene is changed!—and amid the profuse luxury of that Parisian *salon*, amid the debris of the protracted orgy, in those still lovely, though haggard forms, where the canker of dissipation is fast stealing over the rose of early beauty prematurely blighted, do we not perceive the entire physical and moral antithesis between their present and their past?

But no intense emotion can be unbroken in its duration;—the deepest remorse even, is not, as some suppose, an uninterrupted avenue of cypress, with a tomb to close the prospect—it has its intervals of sunshine; there are moments when the animal spirits rise again; and true to nature is the scene, where these regretful retrospections are merged in the jest and clamour of the renewed orgy.

We forgot to mention that in his cups overnight, Raphael is liberal to excess in his wishes;

in fact he works the poor *peau de chagrin* like a Hampstead donkey. He now finds too late his error; he is become Marquis de Valentin, with a large revenue, occupying an apparently enviable position in society, but with spirits, energy, and all that gives the power of enjoyment, decreasing in an exact ratio with the contraction of the talisman. “*L’agonie*” is the title of the concluding portion of the work, and most appropriate is the term; exquisite and protracted is the torture, yet mindful of the principle before mentioned, the author gives us breaks of sunshine, amidst all this desolation of spirit; and by a fine touch of art, the transient happiness which Raphael enjoys, becomes the engine of his future torment. He meets Pauline—the Pauline of his humble days—the faithful attendant of the student’s chamber—now resplendent with beauty, the adored of all Paris—but still cherishing her love for him. He is now awakened to a reciprocation of her passion, and for a brief space

they are happy. His rencontre with Pauline takes place at the opera ; the same scene gives us the punishment of Fædora, who for the first time feels the bitter pangs of mortified vanity in seeing the public homage transferred to the rising beauty. But short indeed is the happiness of Raphael; he awakes to a full consciousness of the value of life, now endeared by a reciprocation of the sympathies. Viewed by the light of his successful passion, all appears brilliant, but this brilliancy he knows must speedily be quenched in the darkness of the tomb. With each wish, and how many now crowd on one another, the talisman on which his life depends is mouldering away. We have now the extraordinary spectacle of a man struggling against the wishes that are consuming his life ; but how vain the attempt!—fate, destiny, the compact, *really* the external pressure of the social system, crush to atoms the energies of his individual will,—he is absolutely powerless. And how exquisite the torture of this protracted decay.

His last wish is for Pauline, and in its accomplishment he expires.—Who would not linger over the beauty of the passage which describes the sleeping Pauline, p. 204—206. It is, however, too long for quotation.

And now in casting a retrospective glance over this extraordinary work, the question irresistibly occurs, what is the scope and purpose of the whole? Are all the troubled elements of which it is made up, part and parcel of the author's mind, or given as necessary features in the portrait he would draw. The first supposition is refuted by those simple and touching narratives which we owe to the same hand. The second leads us necessarily to say a few words on the view of society here given. It is at an epoch of the highest civilization; all the social corruptions too are at their extremest pitch; excitements such as a simpler age scarcely dreams of, everywhere abound; they cross each other in the flickering brilliancy of their contrasted tints; for the gloomy background we have satiety,

despair, and suicide. It is then the perversions of society that are here portrayed; the sweet calm of domestic life has found its delineation in other portions of the author's works, in *Eugenie Grandet*, for instance, and *Marguerite Claes*.

Here, as in another work, it is Paris "*l'enfer de la vie moderne*," *our* Paris—an accomplished metropolis of civilised Europe, at an epoch the most inventive for good and evil that the world has ever seen. It is Paris in all its glory and all its horror to which we are introduced. The question then occurs,—taking the dark and evil side of a civilized community for his subject, has the author given a faithful portrait of these troubled elements—is the picture natural?

We leave this to be answered by those who have perused the work; a word in conclusion on *our* idea of its scope and tendency.

The *Peau de Chagrin* represents, as we think, the downhill course of a life of pleasure; excitement abused has done its work, the pleasures have well nigh lost their charm, but the raging

appetite still continues. Behind, decked in gayest hues, lies the spangled field of youthful enjoyment and hope—beyond, the bourne to which we are hurried, enshrouded in murky gloom, that hopeless satiety,

“To which fate nothing darker or lighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm, and affliction no sting!”

The action of the narrative takes in the intermediate space between these extremes. The talisman possessed by Raphael is but emblematic of the above-mentioned catastrophe. His charmed life of boundless gratification, declining in protracted agonies, suddenly snaps when the power of wishing is exhausted; and analogously, the voluptuary who has run through the pleasures, and can frame no new wish, falls into a torpor, a death of volition, to which physical extinction would be a welcome relief: to both, their last wish has expired.

In another point of view, the life of Raphael is a bitter satire on the constitution of society; he is engaged in a perpetual struggle, and an inef-

fectual one, with his fate. The selfishness of the world prohibits his advance in an honorable career of industry ; his utmost exertions can only sustain him from sinking—a little respite from these, the indulgence of but a single caprice, a Countess Fædora, and he sinks to rise only when, by supernatural agency, he is elevated to sustain a heavier fall.

—Unde altior esset

Casus et impulsæ præceps immane ruinæ.

The painful view here taken of society, under certain existant forms, is not morally uninstructional. We see here, a career of pleasure which has no higher aim than the gratification of the senses, not merely in its flowery course, but in its sombre and tragic denouement.

The voluptuary can draw no “flattering unction” from such a picture—to the philosophic moralist it will afford ample food for reflection. We see, too, ascending from individual to social

views, the dark side of the picture of a highly civilized community; we contemplate the curses attendant on the developement of this mighty power, in a modern capital. A picture of society in its largest sense, this is not; man is not, thank Heaven, utterly depraved, nor society exclusively egotistic. Yet is the picture true in its incompleteness, and even here we find a recognition of virtuous principle scattered throughout—in Raphael's early life for instance.

So much in reference to the scope of the entire work; individual passages may be found which mirror almost every state of ardent feeling of which the human breast is capable.

Having gone through a long analysis of this production of M. de Balzac, we hope its perusal will enable our readers to judge whether that author has been correctly described by the Quarterly Review, by Mr. H. Bulwer, and Mrs. Trollope. Faults there are, undoubtedly, and even great ones, both in style and sentiment; we may agree with adverse critics that the author is frequently guilty

of confused metaphor, of far-fetched images, and forced obscurity of style, and that some of his views of society are, to say the least, questionable. But, we would ask, after all these deductions, do we not find throughout the broad stamp and impress of genius? do we not, nearly in every page, meet with some sentence which unequivocally shews the acute observer of human nature, and the searching investigator of the motive springs of action. But of a higher order of talent than the showy and striking passages from which we have quoted, is the quiet by-play of sentiment and reflection with which the whole work is overlaid. How completely, for instance, is Raphael's character developed in the narrative of his passion for the Countess, and the inmost workings of his mind revealed.

We now pass on to the *Scenes of Parisian life*. In some respects the title disappointed us; the

author has given, in some of the tales, a free scope indeed to his imagination; much of what is here described could never have taken place in Paris, or in any city out of fairy land, and the locale of some of the plots is equally removed from that lively capital; Sarrasine, for instance. We expected something more *home* in the portraiture of existing manners; but the truth is, that M. de Balzac, taking for the groundwork of his fictions certain existant forms of society, gives us Paris as the standard to which all these are referable. And in this point of view the work is deserving of praise, even on the score of unity and completeness. Based on the darker parts of human nature, as are most of the scenes here described, a capital like Paris may naturally be supposed to furnish the completest aggregate from which these detached portions are taken.

Le Pere Goriot is a very clever tale, of a kind totally different from the *Peau de Chagrin*. The minute analysis of character viewed (with

the exception of one or two incidents, improbable enough) in the routine of every-day life, is the ground here taken. The admirers of Miss Austin's elaborate pictures of a village coterie, will find the pension of Madame Vauquer described in a congenial vein ; there is the same individualizing talent in character painting, the same attainment of general effect, by the insensible accumulation of trivial incidents.

Quotation would here be out of place ; from the nature of the subject, there are few striking passages. We are not now, as in the *Peau de Chagrin*, dealing with the picturesque antitheses of life ; we contemplate, it is true, the working of the passions, and the developement of character, but on a contracted stage ; it is to the former work like a Dutch interior beside the almost interminable perspective and gigantic masses of architecture in one of Martin's pictures.

The various tales which make up the history of "The thirteen," form a great portion of the remaining volumes. The framework of this suc-

cessive narrative is as follows. A secret association of thirteen individuals is formed at Paris ; these all agree in being men of great talent and desperate character. By a species of freemasonry they are bound to each other by the most indissoluble and secret ties ; and all assist, if necessary, in any enterprise undertaken by one of their number. They have, too, a certain chief named Ferragus, who figures prominently in the first story, *Madame Jules*. Taking advantage of the unhinged condition of society, divided as it is by the selfishness and egotism of its component sections, this precious fraternity create for themselves an immense and enduring power. Always on the watch to turn the weaknesses and vices of others to their own profit, restrained by no principle, united by a community of interest, disdaining no means, however small ; shrinking from no enterprizes, however perilous ; above all, enabled by their limited number to work in secrecy, this small

knot of desperate men obtain a wonderful ascendancy over the world of Paris and of France.

Extravagant as is this conception in many points, it is original and well sustained throughout. There is, we suspect, some truth in the supposition of the prodigious power which might be acquired by a band of men like the thirteen, who warred against society for their own exclusive benefit, and used the weapons of the world, its selfish cunning and misdirected passions, against itself. This refined brigandism, the only species possible in a highly civilised community, is, we repeat, boldly conceived and carried through, though the Quarterly Review is very irate at the idea of people being asked to read such monstrous stuff. Yet these tales have been and will be read and admired by thousands, in spite of the dictum of the reviewer ! The plot of Madame Jules hinges, as we have said, on the desperate fortunes of Ferragus, chief of the Thirteen, and a more repulsive character was never sketched ; yet, though he has no claim

on our sympathies (if we except his affection for his daughter), the mastery even of his vices, and the enormous power he wields, give him a certain satanic grandeur and elevation, which appeal to the senses.

The following extract, part of a rambling but clever sketch of the streets of Paris, seems to hit off, happily enough, some of the striking points in a modern capital, and is in some degree applicable on our side of the channel.

“Ces observations seront sans doute saisies par ceux pour lesquels Paris est le plus délicieux des monstres : là, jolie femme ; plus loin vieux pauvre : ici tout neuf, comme la monnaie d’un nouveau règne ; dans ce coin, élégant comme une femme à la mode. Monstre complet d’ailleurs ! Ses greniers, espèce de tête, pleine de science et de génie ; ses premiers étages, estomacs heureux ; ses boutiques, véritables pieds ; de là partent tous les trotteurs, tous les affairés. Puis quelle vie toujours active à la

monstre ! à peine, le dernier frétillement des dernières voitures de bal cesse-t'il au cœur, que déjà ses bras se remuent aux barrières, et il se secoue lentement. Toutes les portes baillent, tournent sur leur gonds, comme les membranes d'un grand homard, invisiblement manœuvrées par trente milles hommes ou femmes, dont chacune ou chacun vit dans six pieds carrés, y possède une cuisine, un atelier, un lit, des enfans, un jardin, n'y voit pas clair, et doit tout voir. Alors insensiblement les articulations craquent, le mouvement se communique, la rue parle ! A midi tout est vivant, les cheminées fument, le monstre mange : puis il rugit, puis ses mille pattes s'agitent. Beau spectacle ! mais Paris ! qui n'a pas admiré tes sombres passages, tes échappées de lumière, tes culs de sac profonds et silencieux ; qui n'a pas entendu tes murmures entre minuit et deux heures du matin, ne connaît encore rien de ta vraie poésie, ni de tes bizarres et larges contrastes.—*Scenes de la vie Parisienne*, vol. ii. 18-19.

Seldom has a sweeter character been drawn in fiction than Madame Jules, the heroine of this tale ; virtuous, amiable, and lovely, all our sympathies are enlisted in her behalf. The story is one of the most pathetic interest, and the plot has more of the suspended interest which an English reader expects in fiction, than belongs usually to M. de Balzac's works.

We have no room for further quotation, though specimens of the author's best style may be found here.

The history of La Marana is a gem in its way ; the simple narrative embodying a great principle. How infinitely superior is the lesson of sympathy and tolerance herefrom to be deduced, to those *self entitled* moral tales, with which the world has, from time to time, been surfeited. We must admire, too, the author's skill in the treatment of this difficult subject. The courtesan, full to overflowing, not merely of maternal affection, but of what, as regards her child, may well be styled " the self-denying heroism of

virtue," cannot be for a moment considered a strained or unnatural character.

Her daughter has every claim on our sympathies; few will refuse a tribute of pity and admiration to Madame Diard.

This tale is, perhaps, the most favourable specimen that could be given from the author's works; it comprises all his excellences, his original cast of thought, his acute analysis of mental workings, his forcible narrative style; and free from the defects of strained analogy and far-fetched images, which we sometimes find. It contains, too, more actual matter than we ever remember to have read in the same number of pages. It would form, perhaps, a third part in a third volume of an average sized English novel; but how few of the latter have one tenth part of the substance which the lives of this mother and daughter contain.

In the opening of the next story, the author displays his talent as what the French call a "paysagiste," or describer of scenery. The

convent, the island, and the blue waters that encircle it, stand forth in most exquisite reality. In the sequel of the story we are again in the salons of Paris, and another elaborate portrait of a coquette is given, in the Duchess de Longueville.

La fille aux yeux d'or contains passages of eminent eloquence and beauty ; but the incident on which the action hinges, though mysteriously veiled, would, in this country, be considered inadmissible in a work of fiction. The same objection applies, though not so strongly perhaps, to *Sarrazine* ; but it is impossible not to admire the brilliancy of many individual passages.

Take the following, descriptive of the effect produced on the senses by a lovely *prima donna*, with all the accessories of music and stage illusion.

“Quand la Zambinella chanta, ce fut un delire. L'artiste eut froid * * Il n'applaudit pas, il ne dit rien, il éprouvait un mouvement

de folie, espèce de phrénésie qui ne nous agite qu'à cet âge où le desir a je ne sais quoi de terrible et d'infernal. Sarrazine voulait s'élancer sur le theatre, et s'emparer de cette femme. Sa force centuple par une depression morale impossible à expliquer, puisque ces phénomènes se passent dans un sphere inaccessible à l'observation humaine, tendait à se projeter avec une violence douloureuse. A le voir, on eût dit d'un homme froid et stupide. Gloire, science, avenir, existence, couronnes, tout s'écroula.--Vol. iv. 160.

La Comtesse à deux maris is a totally different conception. It seems to have been written in illustration of a position advanced in this work, and which may be expressed as follows.—

All of tragic or comic, all of *dramatic* interest, in short, that our epoch presents, is to be found in the hospital or the lawyer's chamber. The surgeons are the confidants of the excesses to which the passions lead; the lawyers of the great conflict of interests. *La fille aux yeux d'or*

trenches then on the hospital ground ; the tale we are now considering, like the single combat of the rival notaries hereafter to be mentioned, conducts us to the chamber of the advocate, for an explanation of the hidden springs of society.

The position here advanced by M. de Balzac, is, we think, consonant with truth, and the legitimate aim of a writer of fiction. Setting out with the truism, that the fictions of any epoch must in a great degree reflect back the objects of interest which characterize it, and passing over the feudal and barbarous ages, with their blood-stained pageants, and the rude conflict of the violent passions, and arriving at the locale of a modern capital, in an age like the present, we find all these broad elements wonderfully softened. The great passions remain, of course, identical, but a complete change has taken place in their developement—subtlety assumes the place of force, the conflict of interests succeeds to the trial of personal prowess. Thus the lawyer's chamber may be the arena for a contest

as important, and as interesting to us moderns, as were to our forefathers the tented field or the feudal castle. In such a state of society the web of interests becomes, of course, excessively tangled ; and to the fictionist, who writes of his own time, its unravelment belongs. Such is M. de Balzac's field, and even partial success, in so difficult a task, is deserving of high praise.

M. de Balzac's "Scenes de la vie de Province," chiefly merit attention as evidence of versatility of talent. The same author, who has so successfully described the troubled elements of society, and the succession of excitements in a modern capital, in this series of tales, especially *Eugenie Grandet*, luxuriates in depicting the tranquil round of domestic employments, and all the still life accessories which form the frame-work of the picture.

The Quarterly was for once tolerably just, when it said that this tale described the monotonous life of a country chateau, and somewhat

tedious it is, yet it contains many passages of great beauty. The heroine is thus described.—

“ Eugenie, grande et forte, n’avait donc rien du joli ; elle était belle de cette beauté si facile à meconnaître, et qui saisit seulement l’artiste. Mais le peintre qui cherche ici bas le type de la céleste pureté de Marie, qui demande à toute la nature féminine, ces yeux fiers et modestes devinés par Raphael, ces lignes vierges que donne parfois la nature, mais que le chasteté dans la vie et la pensée peut seule conserver ou faire acquérir, ce peintre amoureux d’un si rare modèle, eût trouvé tout à coup dans le visage d’Eugenie la noblesse innée qui s’ignore : il eût vu sous un front calme, un monde d’amour ; et dans la coupe des yeux je ne sais quoi de divin.

“ Ses traits, les contours de sa tête, que le plaisir n’avait jamais ni altérés ni fatigués, ressemblaient aux lignes d’horizon, si doucement tranchées dans le lointain des lacs tranquilles. Cette physiognomie calme, colorée, bordée de

lueur comme une jolie fleur, fraîche éclore, reposait l'ame, et communiquait le charme de la conscience qui s'y reflétait ; elle redemandait les regards."—*Scene de la vie de Province*, i. 103.

Of the remaining tales, "La femme abandonnée," is perhaps the most beautifully written. It is full of sentences which linger irresistibly in the memory. Madame de Beausant's letter is almost a series of these passages.

"La Grenadière" is a simple and touching story, and its pathos is enhanced by magnificent descriptions of the scenery of the Loire.

It would be easy to quarrel with the occasional alloy of French tinsel with which the genuine sentiment is dashed, as when the dying mother puts on rouge in order to appear blooming before her children ; but let any one that has perused the whole, ask himself if this be not amply compensated for by the many beauties it contains.

There is a sentence in this tale which gives us

some insight into the moral tone of M. de Balzac's writings. The heroine's life he thinks an average of female destiny.

“Tout une vie de femme.—Une enfance insouciant, un mariage froid, une passion terrible, des fleurs nées dans un orage, abymées par le foudre, dans un gouffre d’où rien ne saurait revenir.”

This “woman's life” is one of excitement and impulse—all is sacrificed to the passions—retributive sufferings close the scene. Now, though we dissent from the indiscriminate censurers of M. de Balzac's morality, and have, we hope, shewn just cause for so doing, it must be confessed that the passage in question (and it is about the strongest that could be quoted,) does not give a high estimate of female conjugal virtue. The truth seems to be, that though not nearly so corrupt as many would argue, and wish (chiefly for political reasons) to prove, the moral tone of contemporary French fiction is

not high: very, very talented it is; and in the writings of M. de Balzac, particularly, there is in many parts an ample recognition of moral beauty and virtuous sentiment. Still we wish not to blink the fact that positions are occasionally advanced which are morally indefensible.

But giving full weight to these objections,—admitting too that M. de Balzac loves to depict some perverted section of society where a virtuous sentiment would be as much out of character as at a College wine party,—he must be a warped and biassed judge who refuses to admit that in some of his female characters he has raised the ideal of virtue, in its extended sense, as high as any writer of our age. Is not Eugenie Grandet a character sweetly feminine, and unaffectedly pious? Who would refuse the same tribute to Augustine Guillaume and Marguerite Claes? In all these—and other instances might be given—there is a full appreciation of the finest feelings of our nature—of

that resignation which, when the heart is breaking, can look on the future with peace, by surveying the past without reproach—and of that self-sacrificing heroism which soars above rules of morality, yet is unconsciously based upon them.

La Vendetta, the Revenge, opens the “*scenes of private life*.” It is a story severely simple in its construction, the incidents are few but striking, and the catastrophe fully bears out the title. The opening may be quoted as a fair average specimen of De Balzac’s bold, decided narrative.—

“Vers le fin du mois de Septembre de l’année 1800, un etranger, suivi d’un femme et d’une petite fille, arriva devant le palais des Tuilleries. Il se tint assez long-temps auprès des décombres d’un maison récemment demôlie, et resta là, debout, les bras croisès, la tête presque toujours inclinée; s’il la relevait, c’était pour regarder successivement le palais consu-

laire, puis sa femme, qui s'était assise auprès de lui sur une pierre. Quoique l'inconnue parût ne s'occuper que de la petite fille, âgée de neuf à dix ans, dont elle caressait les longues cheveux noirs, elle ne perdait jamais un seul des regards que lui lançait son compagnon. * * * *

L'inconnu avait une des ces têtes fortes, abondantes en cheveux, larges et graves, qui se sont souvent offertes au pinceau des Carraches; mais ces cheveux si noirs était mélangés d'un grande quantité des cheveux blancs, et ses traits nobles et fiers avaient un ton de dureté qui les gâtait en ce moment. Il était grand et vigoureux, quoiqu'il parût avoir plus de soixante ans. Ses vêtemens delabrés annonçaient qu'il venait d'un pays étranger."—*Scenes de la Vie Privée*, i. 1, 2.

This iron-moulded Corsican acts a stern part in the domestic drama which follows. Bartolemeo di Piombo will not easily be forgotten by the imaginative reader. The painter's atelier and its fair inmates is a highly graphic scene;

but we pass on to the following description of the grinding pressure of poverty and want.

The young couple, both creatures of beauty and genius, are in the last stage of misery.

“Luigi l’embrassa; c’était un de ces baisers de desespoir qui se donnaient en 1793 entre amans à l’heure où l’on montait à l’échafaud. En ces moments suprêmes, deux êtres se voient cœur à cœur. Aussi le malheureux Luigi, comprenant tout à coup que sa femme était à jeûn, partagea la fièvre qui la devorait. Alors il sortit sans satisfaire sa faim, et se mit à errer dans Paris, au milieu de voitures les plus brillantes, au sein de ce luxe insultant qui éclate partout.”—i. 139.

He obtains a supply by offering himself as a substitute in the conscription.

“Il commençait à faire nuit quand il arriva chez lui. Il entre tout doucement, craignant de donner une trop forte émotion à sa femme qu’il avait laissée très faible. Les derniers rayons du soleil, pénétrant par le haut des fenêtres, venaient mourir sur le visage de Ginevra, qui dormait as-

se sur une chaise. Elle tenait son enfant sur son sein, et le serrait fortement. Reveille toi, ma chère Ginevra. * * *

“La jeune femme se mit à rire machenalement : mais tout à coup elle s’écria d’une voix affreuse :

“ ‘ Louis, mon enfant est froid ! ’ Elle regarda son fils et s’évanouit, car il était mort. ”—i. 140-1.

Gloire et Malheur, commences the second volume. It is one of the most touching and beautiful of the author’s tales. Around all the framework of the story, the ancient “magazin” and its antiquated inmates, there hangs a pictorial quaintness which renders them genuine fragments of the olden time. Then what a delicious contrast to these time-worn relics is the vernal beauty of Augustine. The author has succeeded in making this the most touching of his female portraits ; not so elaborately drawn as Eugenie Grandet, and Marguerite Claes, and possessing intrinsically, less forcible elements of character, she appeals more directly to our sympathies. She is so sweetly feminine in her weakness, and

all these softer elements blend so beautifully into her saint-like resignation at the close, when all her youthful hopes have one by one been blighted, that we could not wish her other than she is.

La femme vertueuse, is a clever story; the author tells us it is meant to be a highly moral one, and to show that the violation of the social laws, (marriage is here meant) will bring with it an accompanying penalty.

But in spite of the conclusion, we have in vain tried to elicit anything like this from the progress of the story; and the author's general hostility to the marriage state is not contradicted by the picture of the double menage here given.

The story, however, is full of talent; we have description, sentiment, reflection, overlaying a plot of considerable interest.

The following passage exemplifies that felicity of style which gives a charm to ideas essentially commonplace. The scene is at the gardens of Tavernay.

“ Quand le joyeux diner fut terminé, Eugène fut le premier a proposer d’aller danser sous les châtaigniers au bal champêtre du village. Caroline et son protecteur dansèrent donc ensemble. Leurs mains se pressèrent avec intelligence, et leurs cœurs battirent d’une même espérance. Sous le ciel bleu, aux rayons obliques et rouges du couchant, leurs regards arrivèrent a un éclat qui pour eux faisait palir celui du ciel. Etrange puissance d’une idée et d’un désir ! Rien ne leur semble impossible. L’âme dans ces moments magiques ne prévoit que du bonheur, et il semble que le plaisir jette ses reflets jusque sur l’avenir

“ Cette brillante et pure journée avait déjà créé pour tous deux des célestes souvenirs, auxquels ils ne pouvaient rien comparer dans le passé de leur existence. La source serait-elle donc plus gracieuse que le fleuve, le désir serait-il plus ravissant que la jouissance, et ce qu’on espère plus attrayant que tout ce qu’on possède ?—ii. 152-3.

The third volume opens with *Le Conseil*. It consists of two anecdotes, somewhat clumsily strung together. The first is identical with *Le Message*, in the scenes of provincial life, but the second is new, and has merit of a higher order. The reader's interest is powerfully excited, and the terrible denouement artfully kept back. A Notary is called into the chamber of a dying lady to be the depositary of her will; her appearance is thus described.

“A force de regarder, en venant près du lit, je finis par voir Madame de Merret, encore grâce à la lueur de la lampe dont la clarté donnait sur les oreillers. Sa figure etaite jaune comme de la cire, et rassemblait à deux mains jointes. Mad. la Comtesse avait un bonnet de dentelle, qui laissait voir de beaux cheveux, mais blancs et noirs. Elle etait sur son seant et paraissait s'y tenir avec beaucoup de peine. Ses grands yeux noirs, abattus par la fièvre sans doute, et déjà presque morts, remuaient à peine sous leurs arcades profondes; son front etait humide; ses

mains decharnées ressembloient à des os recouverts d'une peau bien tendue ; ses veines, ses muscles se voyaient parfaitement bien. Elle avait dû être très belle, mais en ce moment je fus saisi de je ne sais quel sentiment a son aspect. Cette femme avait été rongée par le mal jusqu'à n'être plus q'un fantome ; les levres etaient d'un violet pale, et quand elle me parla, ce fut à peine si elle les remua."—*Scenes de la vie privée*, iii.—55.

The cause of this terrible suffering forms the denouement which is so artfully withheld.

La bourse is a slight but graceful narrative, wherein the style embellishes the merest trifles.

Le devoir d'une femme is powerfully written ; the passage of the Beresina may rank among the most vivid and striking of the author's descriptions ; and the denouement is singularly original. This tale has been lately dramatized, but we believe, without any acknowledgement of the source from which it was derived.

The next story introduces us to Pere Gobseck the usurer, and the portrait has striking charac-

teristics. His object in the successful exercise of his profession, (and his endeavours are unceasing,) is not so much wealth as power ; placed in a situation of which the weaknesses and vices of society combine to elevate the power, he rules despotically over all ranks, and sees each in turn, under the pressure of necessity, humble itself before him. Such a character leads naturally to those analyses of society on its darker side, in which M. de Balzac delights to conduct his reader. And here he does not neglect the opportunity. The author informs us in his preface, that there is a connexion between the stories in Vol. 4th. This is to our mind very obscurely traced in parts ; but considered as detached scenes, they possess a fair portion of talent. The most graphic scene, one of the most highly wrought in the whole series, is the parting of the father and daughter, after their romantic meeting on the pirate's vessel ; it is one of those conceptions (which it is the fashion for depreciating critics to call melodramatic,) which seize

at once on the imagination, with irresistible power. But we have already quoted several of what may be called M. de B.'s showy passages, and will now rather give the following observations on character, which a high tone of philosophic analysis redeems from common-place.

“ Il se rencontre beaucoup d'hommes dont la nullité profonde est un secret pour le plupart des gens qui les connaissent. Un haut rang, une illustre naissance, d'importantes fonctions, un certain vernis, une grande reserve dans la conduite, sont pour eux, comme des gardes qui empêchent les critiques de pénétrer jusqu'à leur intime existence. Ils ressemblent aux rois dont la véritable taille, le caractère et la mœurs ne peuvent jamais être ni bien connus, ni justement appréciés, parcequ'ils sont vus de trop loin où de trop près. Avec une heureuse adresse, ils tirent chacun par le fil de ses passions ou de ses intérêts, et se jouent ainsi des hommes qui leur sont réellement supérieurs. Alors ils obtiennent le triomphe naturel d'une pensée mesquine mais

fixe sur la mobilité des grandes pensées. * * *
Neanmoins quelque habilité que déploient ces usurpateurs en défendant leurs côtes faibles, il leur est bien difficile de tromper leurs femmes, leurs enfans, ou l'ami de la maison. Mais ces personnes leur gardent presque toujours le secret sur une chose qui touche en quelque sorte à l'honneur commun, et souvent même elles les aident à en imposer au monde."—Vol. iv. 77-78.

The fifth volume contains the history of Balthazar Claes, and his searches after the philosopher's stone. Besides this, we have detailed portraits of the family, two sweet women, mother and daughter, on whom the author has lavished all his treasures of ideal female excellence. Balthazar himself is one of those massive portraits, full of depth and shadow, such as Rembrandt would have painted. He is great throughout; his very weakness has gigantic elements, and the gradual prostration of his lofty intellect, through its progressive stages of pre-occupation, monomania, and imbecility, is a

painfully elaborate picture. This is one of those slow marching narratives where the author depends for his effect more on the accurate accumulation of details, than on a succession of striking incidents. M. de Balzac is a great master in this kind of fiction. The present, several other among the *Scenes of Private Life*, perhaps *Eugenie Grandet*, and certainly *Le Pere Goriot*, may be cited as successful instances. In this he resembles Godwin more than any other English fictionist. And indeed so slow a process would be laughed at by the slap-dash school of novelists, who contribute nine-tenths to that class of literature at present. Throughout this story we have elaborate pictures of still life, as in *Eugenie Grandet*, but the interest is so powerfully concentrated in Balthazar, his wife and daughter, that we cannot for a moment complain of that monotony with which the latter fiction is dashed.

Peas-blossom (*Le fleur des pois*) not after the manner of Shakspeare, concludes the series as it stands at present ; but all the author's works are

subject to indefinite augmentation. The story itself is an elaborate satire on marriage; our author's opinions on the subject it is not difficult to collect. It is, he thinks, under the present constitution of society, hostile to individual happiness. There are two clever things in *La fleur des pois*. One, the single combat between the rival notaries Matthias and Solonnet, is referrable to the position already noticed, viz., that surgery and law monopolize the interesting elements of fiction. The other instance of talent is De Marsay's letter, with which the volume concludes. It is full of shrewd, rouè, worldly knowledge, like the most caustic parts of Don Juan.

We will conclude, by stating, as briefly as the nature of the subject admits, our estimate of the position which M. de Balzac's writings occupy.

Among the various forms in which the contemplation of the actual world can be reproduced in an author's works, there are three, which include the vast majority of these possible varieties.

The first, the province of practical minds and strong observant faculties, gives us the actual portraiture of things as they are.

Here the inference is left to be drawn by the reader, for there is no real incompleteness in the philosophy of human character. The simplest description of a village coterie, or family circle, contains the same fundamental elements as the minutest anatomization of an individual mind. In each case we have human nature as developed in action, but the point of aspect is changed. In the one case, the stress is laid on the outward signs, considered, of course, merely as types of the inward mental workings ; in the other, these being assumed, as premises, the author passes at once to his conclusion, and in analyzing the nicer shades of character, and the less palpable mental workings, he marks out for himself a distant course, yet one necessarily connected with the other, as parts of the same great whole.

The painter of surface manners, then, and the anatomist of character, have their distinct func-

tions ; they are independent of and yet reciprocate with each other.

Is it not, then, a mistake to say, as we often hear, that the one mode of treatment is superficial, compared with the other ? Is not there, *more correctly speaking*, a large draught here left to be filled up by the mingled imagination and experience of the reader ?

As a third class, we have those who deal almost exclusively with the ideal. This is essentially poetical in its form, and in some kinds even of this must be sparingly introduced. The forms here are not in contradiction to human nature, certainly, for then they would outrage likewise, those rules of art on which all compositions must be based ; neither are they in accordance with it, but may be styled gigantic parallels, whereby (as from antediluvian remains we reconstruct a kindred but a mightier world of animal life) the same forms are reproduced, but on a colossal scale.

Here may find a place all an author's dreams

of the ideal, as well as his metaphysical inductions; only there must be a starting point of human interest. Thus, in that exquisite poem, Shelley's *Alastor*, we have human passion (ætherialized and subtilized it is true) for the keystone of the arch, which extends so far into the regions of poetic fancy and metaphysical induction; and this is probably as strong a case of the ideal as could be quoted.

We have, then, in fictitious literature, these three great divisions.

1st. Those authors who depict manners and persons, merely with reference to their *obvious* peculiarities. These, however, furnish the base on which all analyses of character, and all excursions into the sphere of the ideal (which do not lose themselves in a vague generality) must rest. Of this class, Paul de Koch, and Capt. Marryatt are admirable living specimens.

2nd. As their converse, we have those, in whose works this substratum of character, as evidenced by external forms, being assumed, a

portion of it is selected to support the lofty and glittering superstructure of ideal theory.

Yet, as we have shown, there is a necessary connection between the two.

3rd. Midway between these opposites, lies the class who give (generally speaking) anatomizations of individual character. These are distinct from, yet connected with each of the former classes.

With the painters of surface manners, by their cognizance of human pursuits, and the palpable characteristics of society, in reference to the exposition of character.

With the idealists (as the class we have mentioned secondly, may be termed in distinction to their practical opposites) by their departure from the beaten track to analyse those eccentricities which may seem to contradict the general laws of nature. They are thus, in what may be called, a transition state between the two; and to this class, we humbly opine, belongs M. de Balzac. Not but that as a practical observer of

the outward forms of society, (the ripples on the surface of the current) he displays great talent ; and when he likes, can give an inventory of the furniture of some rambling *chateau en Province*, or an apartment aux quatri  me in some obscure corner of Paris, with all the minute fidelity of a pictorial appraiser, as we may call some of the artists of the Flemish school. But these are (with few exceptions) accessory touches ; and it is one of the author's best peculiarities that he prepares us gradually for the developement of his plots ; a plan diametrically opposite, as we have mentioned, to the un-artist like slur and bustle which with even talented writers among ourselves, conduct their fictions. But it is easy to see the track in which M. de Balzac delights to lead his reader.

It is in such characters as De Marsay the egotist, half dandy, half philosopher, a brigand of modern society, who wages his predatory war with weapons put into his hands by the weaknesses and vices of a modern capital, or as Gobseck, the usurer, who in a somewhat different line,

acts on the same principles, that he gives full scope to his powers.

In the portraiture of these anomalous characters, in their rank luxuriance of energy, resembling the heroes of Lord Byron's earlier poems, but chained down to the gregarious life of a modern capital, half fanciful, half sternly practical, based in the muddy realism of a corrupted society, yet soaring into the ideal, if not of the heroic, at least of the poetically exaggerated character, M. de Balzac stands by himself in modern literature ; here he displays all his power and versatility, whether enlarging his circle of analysis from individuals to masses, yet preserving the fine-drawn line of connection ; whether dazzling with brilliant antithesis, or charming with unaffected pathos.

In the wide range of his works he has succeeded in combining objects which do not seem easily reconcileable ; viz., the minute and faithful delineation of individual traits of character, and that gregarious view of a modern commu-

nity which gives the reversed side of the medal, the curses and corruptions which follow in the train of that mighty engine, civilization. The moral results of dwelling so prominently on the dark side of the social picture may be questionable ; we make no comments, giving it merely as characteristic of a remarkable writer, of a clever nation, at a very active epoch of its literary history.

To those who read for instruction rather than amusement, the sketches of French provincial life will probably be the most acceptable portion of M. de Balzac's works. The stagnation of their country towns, forming a complete antithesis with the bustling capital, will also induce, even in the least national Englishman, an advantageous comparison for his own country, where many provincial societies possess, as is well known, all the agréments of the capital on a smaller scale. In France, excepting a few watering places in the summer season, the direct contrary seems to be the case.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE 6th AND 7th VOLS. OF THIERS'
REVOLUTION, AND THE CHARACTER OF
ROBESPIERRE.

Paris edition, 10 vols. 8vo. 1834.

THE sixth volume is perhaps the most interesting of the entire work ; it contains the history of the most bloody epoch of the revolution, and the most exciting conflicts of personal ambition, the death of Danton, the joint dictatorship of the triumvirs, and the fall of Robespierre. The committee of public safety was probably the most bloody tyranny that has ever been recorded in history. Individual despots

may, it is true, have diffused wider desolation among their slavish dependants ; but considering the relative value of human life at an epoch of modern civilization, as well as the individual talent and character that were sacrificed without a moment's hesitation to the jealousies or supposed interests of party, and the unflinching adherence to the system of extermination it had laid down, all these leave the *Tribunal Revolutionnaire* without a parallel.

The character of Robespierre is a little difficult to appreciate ; with many of the requisite qualities for a successful chief of party, he wanted that promptitude and firmness in a crisis, for which nothing can compensate—witness his irresolution after his impeachment had been pronounced by the convention. His character is however remarkable as an instance of second-rate talent sedulously worked out and perfected by time and attention. His talent was *but* second rate, without the mastering oratory of Mirabeau, the intense energy of Danton, or the

vivid eloquence, both as a speaker and writer, of Camille Desmoulins ; inferior also to the leaders of the Girondist party, in the leading attributes of the Orator and the Statesman, he yet rose superior to them all in the duration and extent of the influence he obtained.

We see in Robespierre an extraordinary instance of vague ideas of action, gradually generalized, and cemented into a system. From the period of the constituent assembly to the early days of the National Convention, his ruling motive seems to have been a paltry jealousy of the most talented public men ; this dominant feeling worked itself subsequently into a system of action as inflexibly adhered to, as any that is recorded in the page of history ; and aided but by second rate talent, obtained that supremacy which follows a fixed plan determinately pursued. There is a sentence in one of De Balzac's novels which resumes my idea of Robespierre. "Ils obtiennent le triomphe naturel d'une

pensée mesquine mais fixe sur la mobilité des grandes pensées.”

Never was there a more striking historical example of the intrinsic weight which a decided purpose gives. His plan of action once formed was never abandoned or even relaxed. He was in turn therefore the foe of every man whose talents he feared, when this could be done with safety. Veiling the most consummately selfish ambition, (for in spite of what Thiers says, I cannot doubt his ambition,* though personal vanity, with its accompanying littleness may have entered largely into its composition) under the cloak of noble and generous sentiments, he made the names of patriotism and religion serve his projects.

And never was this common place hypocrisy performed with a better grace, or a more plausible appearance of belief in the virtues which his whole career outraged. Witness his patriotic orations passim, his defence of Danton to the

* “ Robespierre avait de la vanité, mais il n’était pas assez grand pour être ambitieux.”—*Thiers*, vi. 343.

Jacobins, and his sentimental denunciation of Atheism, in his famous speech on the belief in a supreme being. Few have possessed more eminently than Robespierre, the quality we term conduct in a public man, i. e. the dexterous availment of circumstances, to augment his reputation and influence. Till the last bloody epoch of his dictatorship, the world was unwilling to believe him ought but a model of republican virtue. To estimate the force of this conduct, we must bear in mind the dead weight which his more than suspected cowardice in crises of danger, must have attached to a man, at an epoch so fertile in examples of every kind of courage, from passive stoicism to the most romantic daring. Yet all this he overbore, and ruled for a time the destinies of revolutionized France; an empire demanding powers how different from a snug monarchy under the ancien regime.

The same prudence, to use a very weak word, characterized his oratory—never com-

mitting himself by vague declamation, always speaking to the point, and reserving himself dexterously for great occasions ; partly from this management, partly from gradual improvement by practice, he rose to high estimation in this epoch of varied eloquence. Among the mass of speeches which history has preserved, in the debates at the Convention and the Jacobins, few, if any, are superior for precision, clearness and relevance, to those of Robespierre. Nor was this all ; his activity as a practical politician was unwearied ; and this, aided by concurrent circumstances, brought him through the first and most bloody epoch of the revolution, till having struggled for, and obtained supremacy, he fell a victim to the exterminating system he had assisted in establishing. And his fall was probably, as Thiers thinks, sooner or later an inevitable consequence on the march of events, and the progress of public opinion.

The catastrophe of Robespierre was the culminating point of the bloodiest epoch of the

bloodiest portion of modern history. He left behind him

example of the career which unprincipled ambition, grafted on secondary talent, but inflexible and systematic action, can work out for itself, and of the retribution which society demands at the close. Nature has not given to any man, in a modern society at least, to set all his fellow citizens of note to destroy each other, like the soldiers of Cadmus, without adding his own body to complete the heap of slain. The historian has related this wonderful series of events in a most picturesque and striking manner. The character of Robespierre, with which the sixth volume concludes, is particularly terse and effective. The last twenty lines from "Robespierre ne pouvait," to "reconnue," might read as a passage from Tacitus. The seventh volume, taking up the history from the catastrophe of Robespierre, commences what the author terms the retrograde march of the revolution. A violent reaction against the regime of terror, changes completely the position of parties. The relics of the Girondist party and the Thermidorians

(dating their existence and name from the day on which Robespierre fell) are now dominant in the convention. The mountain and extreme republican party are by this reaction, and the indiscreet insurrections of their partizans, reduced almost to a nullity. This portion of history presents much that is gratifying ; we see the eager return of the Parisians to the enjoyments and elegancies of civilized life. The salons are again brilliant—the theatres again crowded—the bloodiest and most real of all tragedies, the year 1794, gives place to the mimic terrors of the stage. The mighty Jacobins, that avant-garde of the revolution's march, that bug-bear of royalists and moderates, is no more. Yet, all is not yet over ; the tide has indeed turned, yet again and again a wave rolls back on that blood-stained shore ! We have yet a 12 Germinal, and a 1 Prairial, last efforts of that wonderful aptitude for insurrection displayed by the people of Paris. Above all, in the executions and arrests following the 1

Prairial, the Girondists show that they fully shared in the sanguinary passions of the epoch.

Some of the consequences of this change of policy in the admission of emigrant royalists, seem to have been disastrous enough; yet victory still waited on the arms of France, and the remaining impulse of the revolutionary committee long survived the extinction of its authors.

Leamington, December, 1837.

A FEW WORDS ON PAUL DE KOCH.

LIKE most prolific writers, Paul de Koch has very unequal merit. Nearly all his works, however, are light easy reading. But, rising above this average of humourous delineation, we meet with two most complete conceptions, both, too, of a painful character, which may seem strange in a writer who owes his reputation to his ludicrous combinations of incidents, and breadth of humour.

I here speak of "Georgette," and "Le Cocu." The first gives the decline and fall of a woman of pleasure, with a painful fidelity that

makes us forget the humourous scenes that are intermingled. We cease to laugh over the superannuated gallantry of the old beau Lecaile, to sympathise with the hard rubs that poor Georgette receives, in her descent down the angular projections of social life at Paris: it is as good as Hogarth's Harlot's Progress, in its way, and worked up to a pitch accordant with the superior splendour and variety of modern life.

And how melancholy is the impression left by the entire work; not the grateful sadness which survives after a pathetic passage, but that uneasy leaden feeling, of mingled pity and disgust, which the revelation of the worst and weakest parts of our nature cannot fail to produce on a rightly constituted mind.

"Le Cocu," equally sustained and complete, anatomizes the workings of jealousy, and all the minor miseries that accompany domestic dissensions. It brings the spirit of Fleetwood down to the details of modern life, with which the

author is far more conversant than Godwin, whose social experience was probably small, which gives his characters a somewhat stiff and buckram air. Here, however, the husband's jealousy is grounded upon no vague or baseless suspicions. All the characters are extremely natural, and, like Georgette, this novel produced on me that individuality of painful sensation, which is, perhaps, the highest triumph of fictitious composition.

No stilted declamation of tragedy comes home to the feelings like these too faithful portraits of domestic misery. And so strangely fascinating is the heroine, that in spite of her heartless conduct, we seem to share in her husband's attachment. But then, Eugenie is so natural—more so, alas for human nature! than the sublimely virtuous Mary Fleetwood.

Bath, March, 1838.

DUMAS, "GAULE ET FRANCE."

Dumas, "Gaule et France," has been my travelling book. It is somewhat slapdashy and superficial, but still it gives a readable and concise account of the first rise of the French nation from the ruins of the Roman empire. We see more clearly, after reading it, what kind of men were Pepin and Charlemagne, and Philip Augustus; and now that the buckram of the old school of historical writing is for ever thrown aside, and each year brings some addition to the modern descriptive style, this small volume will rank among those works whose merit consists in rendering intelligible to our modern feelings, the grim and shadowy forms of the warrior monarchs of the middle ages.

Munich, Sept. 30, 1838.

CHARACTER OF LOUIS XI.

LOUIS XI., stands out in poetic colouring on the canvas of French history ; it is in vain to say that as a remorseless and cold-blooded tyrant he has no claim on our sympathies. As long as the exhibition of concentrated power has a charm, those epochs in history, where that power was directed by a superior intelligence, will rank among the most fascinating to the mind. What historical student will forget the first six books of the annals of Tacitus, which pourtray so elaborately the dark and crafty policy of Tiberius. But Louis XI. was in intel-

lect a monarch far superior to his age, and did more to advance the greatness of his kingdom than any other of the dynasty. This was effected, mainly, by his application of the principle of centralization, in the appreciation of which, he was centuries ahead of his contemporaries. His very cruelties had a kind of capricious justice about them, and he was himself a sort of rude providence in those lawless times.

As a man of mind, we shall look in vain for his equal in the whole dynasty of the Bourbons. He was in no respect fettered by the trappings of royalty ; his personal activity, and practical knowledge of character, seem to have rivalled these qualities in Napoleon, and were the more extraordinary in one born to the succession of an established throne.

Such a character was fine ground for the romance writer, and has not in our day been neglected. His elaborate portrait, in Quentin Durward, has always been reckoned among Sir. W. Scott's most powerful creations. And scarcely

less admirable is the brief but characteristic delineation in Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame;" and De Balzac, in his short tale,* has happily hit off some of the leading features of the character.

Geneva, Sept. 25th, 1837.

* *Contes Philosophiques.*

MEMOIRS OF THE DUC DE RICHELIEU.

THE six volumes of which this work consists, have beguiled my breakfast hours during the last fortnight.—

With fairish tea, excellent bread, a cut of Bayonne ham, not forgetting a little genuine English mustard, and a good French memoir, what more could be wished for?

All the recital of the Duke's intrigues, which almost equal Leporello's catalogue, are dull enough, to say nothing of the moral disgust they inspire ; but certain historical episodes possess,

from the actors they describe, a permanent interest.

Such is the sketch of Law, and the rise, progress, and decline of the Mississippi bubble.

And the same remark applies, though with less force, to the whole narrative of the Regent and his Court.

I always thought this part of French history extremely quaint and picturesque. A court where all constituted ideas, whether in religion, morals, or etiquette, were turned up-side down ;—where the gravest questions were settled by a bon mot, or a dirty inuendo : where Dubois rose to the highest honours by the mere force of his despicable qualities, and was buffeted and buffooned, step by step, from the rank of Abbé to that of Cardinal ;—a court where no compromise was attempted with appearances, where no veil interposed between the orgies of royalty and the public eye ;—where public affairs were involved in a confusion, which only the capricious despotism of the most extravagant of the

Cæsars can parallel. Such was the regency of the Duke of Orleans. Yet so hearty was the bonhomie, and good nature of this prince, (whose fine talents were swamped by bad education and example) that it is impossible to avoid feeling interested in his fortunes. The narrative of his death is perhaps the best written passage in these volumes. It has a naïve simplicity about it, which almost rises into historical dignity. It recalled to my mind the death of Petronius Arbiter in the annals of Tacitus.

The sketch, also, of the last days of Louis 15th, possesses much interest. The endless web of intrigues that surrounded the court, with the satiety and occasional remorse of the debauched Monarch, are quietly but forcibly depicted.

The classical reader will recur to that terrible passage in the Roman historian,—“*Ut si recludantur tyrannorum mentes, ibi posse aspici laniatus et ictus, quando ut corpora verberibus, ita sævitia, libidine et malis consultis, animus dilaceretur.*”

The infinite worthlessness of the French noblesse, the deep-seated and almost universal profligacy in public and private life, formed the characteristics of that generation, for whom such a terrible retribution was preparing. The Duke de Richelieu, notwithstanding his dissipations, lived on to a patriarchal age; his memoirs are linked to the present generation by the introduction of the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles 10th.

Paris, Jannary, 1839.

PART II.

SHORT ESSAYS.

REFLECTIONS ON CHIMNEY POTS.

To a few minds of first-rate power, where the “imagination all compact” is aided by an uncommon fidelity of memory, it is given to realize genuine reflection from the varied scenes which the most excursive life can present.

But in the great majority of those who *do* actually think, the reflective power they possess is frittered away, and nullified by want of concentration on definite objects. A crowd of half ideas arise, on a multiplicity of subjects, without any one being completely realized; like the pretty faces one passes amidst the whirl, and bustle, and dust, of the return from Epsom, on the Derby day, too rapidly to allow of any distinct image remaining.

To be more definite, let the associations which external objects present to a person of average sensibility of impression, during a single day, be reckoned over, surely out of so great a number, it might be supposed that some one would fructify into thought, if only for the benefit of the individual himself. But we pass them too rapidly even for this, and each, in turn, dislodges its predecessor; whereas if we paused at any one, even the most unpromising, something better might result.

Take, for instance, the prospect from my

windows, at the present moment—a narrow London street, attic and garret windows, and tiled roofs opposite, and angular masses of chimney pots rising against the sky.

I will omit all but a passing allusion to what may be discovered in an opposite window; what beauties, hitherto blushing unseen, may be thus revealed—the commencement of what adventures laid. But to come at once to the chimney pots. Aye, the chimney pots! as begrimed as you like with metropolitan soot and filth. What dramas of domestic life could not these reveal.

Philosophers and moralists tell us that “all things human end in smoke.” As is the case in most dogmatical sayings, here is a good deal of truth, spoilt by a too epigrammatic straining after universality. Many, in truth, of the good things of life, capon feasts, family jollifications, the groaning Christmas board, have smoke as their natural heritage. The chimney pots are, then, the never-failing confidants of domestic prosperity or distress. If a smoky chimney be

an evil deservedly classed with that *stinger*, a scolding wife, undoubtedly its converse, one through which the smoke but tardily and thinly ascends, betokens a hearth where no genial plenty reigns, and tells the falling fortunes of the family. Slender and more slender grows the curling column, as one step in ruin succeeds to another, as suits accumulate, and the debtors' prison appears no longer in the dim perspective of distance, but in close and frightful proximity. At length the genial current ceases—the blow has fallen, the household gods are broken, the fire at their altar is extinct. Yet these conductors of the kitchen's produce fail not in their office. Another family succeeds, another knot of human interests, another bundle of mingled passions, weaknesses, and virtues; the smoke again rises, and life again, with its cheering adjuncts of kitchen and larder, is busy within.

Death or ruin may remove the once happy inmates of that brick and tiled tenement, but

neither to the Fleet nor to the grave do the chimney pots follow their former lords.

Neque harum quas colis arborum,

* * * *

Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

Who will assert that this is more true of trees than of chimney pots. *

If, then, the prospect of these pinnacles of domestic architecture, leads to the contemplation of human and social interests, think twice, O traveller, through life, before you pronounce any prospect to be barren and unfruitful; think, too, O moralist, who art hurrying in search of fresh topics, think, have you made the most of your neighbour's chimney pots ?

Duke Street, St. James's, June 1, 1837.

ON THE OPENING OF THE GRAND JUNCTION
RAILWAY BETWEEN BIRMINGHAM AND MAN-
CHESTER JULY 20TH, 1837.

AMONG those changes in the machinery of social life, which are so vital in the alterations they produce, that they may not unfitly be termed revolutions, the opening of this line of railway may fairly claim a prominent place. It is true that we have, for some years, had a railroad in operation, but the present may be considered as the first-fruits of that gigantic series of speculations, which, when completed, are to change entirely our system of internal communication.

From the earliest times in which infant civilization called for a communication between the capital and the provinces, down to the present epoch of multiplied interests and gigantic commercial enterprise, horses have been the sole

medium by which, on land at least, these wants could be supplied.

Was speed called for—and how often has fortune, nay even life itself, depended on the speed of communication?—the powers of the horse were the only and never-failing resource.

By successive improvements in road making, in the construction of carriages, economy of time, and management of animal power, our internal communication has reached a pitch of excellence, which, whether in post or coach travelling, or the conveyance of letters, has left all competition far behind.*

* The French have of late years made great and praiseworthy efforts to overtake us in our arrangements for public travelling. Considering the materials they have had to work upon, they have done wonders. On the English side of Paris, i.e., on the Calais, Dieppe, and Havre roads, the heavy diligence, with its team of punchy horses, travels at the rate of seven and a half to eight miles per hour. On the Bordeaux road, I believe, the rate is still faster. The Malles de Post, on all the roads, do three and a half leagues, full nine English miles, per hour. And the Malles Estafette are the fastest letter carriages in the world, performing four to five leagues per hour.

The highest amount of speed, then, attainable, has, up to a very recent date, been derived from the horse alone. This, too, in an age when public utility, individual caprice, the calls of business, and the *would-be* necessities of pleasure, have all concurred to put it frequently to the test.

I will not even recur to well-known feats of equestrian speed; that in riding express, nearly, if not quite, twenty miles an hour is obtainable, is a well known fact.

Look, too, at the ease with which a well-horsed coach goes daily over part of its ground at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, or, on occasion, covers its mile at from three to three and a half minutes. And though the powers of these astonishing animals have too often been needlessly

The author lately (Jan. 1839) saw the new Malles de Post, built to be tried on a few of the principal roads. They are much on the plan of a britzka, to hold two persons, closing with a German window. They appeared to be the most gentlemanly and comfortable carriages. The conducteur has a separate seat behind.

and cruelly abused, it is gratifying to reflect that the increased speed of travelling has been accompanied, generally speaking, by a corresponding improvement in the comforts of the horse.

No one can doubt that the coach and post horse of the present day, who is called upon to perform his ten and twelve miles an hour, has a preferable lot to that of his predecessor fifty years ago, who accomplished five or six. So much for lighter draught, consequent on the improvements in carriage building, and road-making, improved condition, and shorter work. Considering, then, the variety of commercial interests, and cases of individual and domestic happiness which have depended on the speed and regularity of the letter post alone, (to take one branch of the vast machine of internal communication) it is not too much to say that up to the establishment of railroads, had horses suddenly become extinct, the whole fabric of society, all that characterizes the life of a modern civilized community, would have been rent in sunder.

This is perhaps an additional argument in favor of railroads, and their iron immutability of constitution ; I have only desired to support my opening proposition, i.e., that the completion of the proposed lines will constitute the greatest social change that modern times has witnessed. I am not among those who whine over inevitable changes, or who see but the loss, without consulting the gain : the world is ever changeful ; we stand on its shifting surface ; already have some institutions, that a year or two ago were pregnant with vital energy, become the past, and are now to be seen in the dim perspective of history.

We are rapidly leaving others behind, in our progress onwards ; such is our coach travelling.

But it may be allowed to one who has lived in its zenith, and now witnesses its decline and fall, (for it bows down in the meridian of its glory before the power of steam,) but its sudden, though, happily, but partial extinction, to cast a longing, lingering look behind, on the field of

of its triumphs ; intertwined, too, as these are, with so many individual recollections of enjoyment. The author of these pages is free to confess that some of the happiest days of probably the happiest period of his life, were spent in coach travelling. They were, it is true, when early youth lent its charm to all around.

As the song says,—

Oh ! those were days when life had wings,
And flew, oh, flew ! so wild a height,
That, like the lark that sunward springs,
'Twas giddy from too much light.

And so powerful is association, that, possibly, some sexagenarian may look back with regret on the slow stages of his youth.

Still, I must own, that apart from business, to coach travelling I have owed many days of pleasure, and I hope I have not been unmindful of this ; I have myself travelled for many years on our best coaches, not till 1836 yielding to the attractions of foreign travel ; I have, too, set my

friends a coaching as much as possible. And the author, speaking in the third person, may here remark, that in the only work he gave to the world, he endeavoured zealously, at least, to communicate to others some of the vivid impressions he had himself experienced.

But fate's decree must be obeyed, and the illustrious names of many of our coaches will be remembered but as a tale of things gone by.

Paris, July 25, 1837.

LONDON AND PARIS.

NEARLY every traveller, or tourist, or to descend still further, nearly every person who excurses across the channel, repeats the truism that London and Paris, the two great European capitals, are essentially different in character. It may not, however, be amiss to consider

a few of the most striking points of difference between these wonderful cities.

And first, to take merely a brick and mortar view of Paris. This, say its writers, is emphatically the city of contrasts ;— so is London, however, in its localities, and so must every large city be, to a certain extent, since in the economy of streets, juxtaposition by no means implies similarity in the wants or habits of their occupants.

Look at London in this respect ; are not some of the courts and allies that abut on the splendid thoroughfare of Regent-street, very sinks of physical and moral degradation ?—and what can be more hideous than some of the courts, the Almonries for instance, so near to Westminster Abbey, and St. James's Park; with its silvery expanse of water, that looks as calm and peaceful as if a thousand miles distant from the mighty capital.

In Paris, however, the contrasts are more picturesquely placed, pictorially as well as

morally speaking. Take an old bricked, smoke-dyed London house of a middling class, with its begrimed windows, in which a few wretched parodies on flowers are ranged in vermilion pots, fast approximating to the dingy colour of all around, and place it beside, I will not say a characteristic specimen of old continental architecture, with its pointed roof, its quaint but pleasing windows, and the lamp suspended on a cord across the narrow street, such as even the most untravelled are familiar with in Prout's admirable drawings; but an old, or middle aged house in one of the unpretending quarters of Paris, Rue St. Roch for instance, and what a difference is discernible!

The dirt of Paris may be greater, but it is not so offensively palpable as in a London tenement; a kindly veil of mellowed antiquity seems thrown over its most offensive features. And the same observation is applicable also to many of those moral deformities inseparable from a great city; they are veiled instead of being

glaringly apparent. With respect to the public buildings of Paris, there are some on which one could gaze for ever—the Palais Royal for instance, and the Bourse. I fear as much could not be said for London. The Palais Royal charms us from the magic variety of the scene it incloses as in the frame of a picture ; the Bourse commands our attention from the classic elegance of its architectural proportions, as well as for the associations which attach to the commercial emporium of the second capital of modern times. Proudly do its magnificent columns rise upon the eye, dividing the brilliant, bustling, eminently Parisian Rue Vivienne, and abutting on the battered tenements of the cross streets between Vivienne and Richelieu—a site emblematic of the contrasts of Paris. On its summit floats the banner, and the blue sky expands itself above, and a brilliant sun distributes his rays over this strange mixture of human interests, pursuits and passions.

In London, with less striking individual effects,

there are more of a combined character ; and from the nature of its streets, the abundant masses of its population are brought to bear upon the eye far more than, with some few exceptions, is the case at Paris. There is little danger of an Englishman's forgetting the glories of his own capital. Never can those mighty and crowded thoroughfares, huge tunnels through which an endless population is pouring ; never can the uninterrupted stream of equipages in Hyde Park, or the cloud of horsemen that dash down Rotten-row ; the downs at Epsom, the interminable line of shipping on the Thames, the crowds that on a fine Sunday in June extend on land and water from the bridges to Greenwich Hospital ; never can these, or a hundred other spectacles, be effaced from his recollection. All that the sublimity of collected numbers can effect, is to be found in the metropolis of Great Britain. But since the legitimate use of travel is to engender, not a blind, but a judicious and discriminating nationality ; it may be allowed to

the most patriotic Englishman to be sensible of the attractions of Paris. Of course it ought not to be the same home to him as his own capital, yet he may allow it to be the ideal of a traveller's city, and most justly the pride and boast of the great nation of which it is the metropolis. If Paris has not a more cosmopolitan reputation than London, it at least comes more home to the European traveller as a household word. Its spoken language and literature, more widely diffused over the continent than ours, is also more rich in descriptions of the capital.

Paul de Koch has made every reader of his novels acquainted with the characteristics of the citizen of Paris, and the immediate localities of the city. De Balzac goes deeper, and follows the springs of action in their influences on a population, subtracting local peculiarities from the wide and universal field of human motive. And many contemporary writers have contributed their quota towards a physical and moral map of the French capital.

London has not had the same advantages ; though the mightiest and most wealthy emporium of the world, and known by the ramifications of British commercial enterprise where the name of Paris has never reached, it is necessarily, from its insulated position, *not* the same travelling locale for Europe ; still more insulated, too, by a language till lately but little cultivated beyond our own shores, our colonial dependencies, and the vast but distant nation across the Atlantic ; nor have our writers done much to forward a knowledge of the localities of the metropolis. Great as is the talent of Mr. Dickens, his sketches and illustrations of London life owe no inconsiderable portion of their popularity to the absolute novelty of the subject.

To conclude, are we who have known these two capitals of modern civilization, sufficiently sensible of their wonderful character—wonderful alike from the extent and diversity of the interests they embody, wonderful from the gradations in the social scale which they embrace ?

Let the man who can realize to himself what Rome was under the Cæsars, gigantic and dazzling, but coarse and unformed when compared with the subdivisions of modern civilization—its life gorgeous and exaggerated, seas of blood, mountains of gold, troops of slaves—gigantic alike in its luxuries and its vices, the spoils of a province in a single house—the thousand dishes of the banquets of Vitellius—a Messalina and a Nero; let him who can rebuild the city of the Cæsars, out of the fossil remains that her historians and poets have left us, superadding that wonderful faculty of imagination which would seem at times to possess almost a creative power—let such a one o'erleap the gulph of years which divides our age from that of the Cæsars, and then consider if London and Paris, at the present day, are not more extraordinary, as specimens of what the collective power of man can accomplish.

A population approaching to what is now deemed the fabulous estimate of that of the

eternal city, but acted on by a far keener and subtler intelligence, and it is to be hoped comparatively purified by the ameliorating dispensation of Christianity.

Paris, August, 1837.

ON THE POPULAR FEELING IN FRANCE
TOWARDS THE ENGLISH NATION.

THERE was a time, as every body knows, when John Bull and his neighbours across the channel, hated each other with a most orthodox and cordial antipathy. For the origin of this feeling, we must go back to the jealousies of race, such as that which now divides the Canadas. And this was kept up by frequent and bloody wars. These stood at once as cause and effect ; England and France purchased the right of national antipathy at an immense outlay of blood and treasure. The two courts may have had intervals of cordiality, caused by community of interest,

or concurrence in political intrigue, as in the time of Charles 2nd ; but this was not shared by the body of either nation.

The ascendancy of republicanism during the French revolution, and subsequently the personal influence of Napoleon on the one hand, and the war policy of Mr. Pitt and his successors on the other, gave state reasons for the continuance of a hostile feeling. Nearly a quarter of a century of peaceful intercourse between the two nations, has of course wrought a great change ; with respect to the higher classes of society almost an entire one. The young French aristocracy mingle cordially with our own ; *our* taste in horses, equipages, &c. is almost universally the standard of fashion ; and in return, French cookery, wines, and the female department of the toilette, are acknowledged as our chosen objects of imitation.

The statesmen of both countries labour to promote a cordiality of international relations far beyond the conventional routine of diplo-

matic etiquette. The triumphant reception we so lately gave to the most distinguished living warrior of France is fresh in the recollection of every body.

Contemporary French literature, commencing to be heartily appreciated amongst us, is exerting a daily increasing influence on our own; so far then, cordial intercourse appears to have succeeded to distrust and ridicule. But what is the feeling mutually in the middle classes of each country? As to England, I believe that there is little or no jealousy of France—we are in fact too much absorbed in great political and social questions, and perhaps too proud in our own conscious superiority in commerce and manufactures, to feel any great jealousy of our neighbours. But is this the case in France? Take the conversation of the middle, and even sometimes the higher classes. Take the two great mirrors of popular feeling, the press and the stage; and what is the result of the enquiry? Surely there is much prejudice and misconcep-

tion, and paltry jealousy without any definite object. A lady asks an Englishman if the prejudice against French married ladies is not so great in England, that one who was in that holy state would scarcely be well received among us, from the mere fact of her marriage.

M. de Balzac, in his last novel, gives a catalogue of our application of the word *improper*, under which category nearly all varieties of social intercourse and innocent amusement, are forbidden.

The fine genius of De Beranger has not disdained some very paltry attacks on England. If Paul de Koch ever introduces an Englishman in his novels, he is sure to be remarkable either for vice or folly. The French newspaper press is comparatively free from these littlenesses; a manly, fair, and liberal spirit generally prevails; the exception is the more honourable. On our side I find little or no reciprocity in these attacks—a few unjust criticisms on French literature are the exception to the rule; and

generally speaking there undoubtedly exists among us a hearty appreciation of the talent, vivacity, and taste of our Gallic neighbours.

To ascend from cookery and dress, to literature. Is not De Beranger an honoured name among us?—was there not a deep sympathy with the premature end of Armand Carrel?—does not every Englishman who understands French, and relishes humour, acknowledge the fund of amusement he has derived from P. de Koch.

Is not their modern school of history daily more and more admired among us?—and immense numbers of Thiers' Revolution, translated recently, disposed of in monthly parts. But in this good feeling it may be said there is a reciprocity between the countries. Walter Scott, Byron, Bulwer, and many other of our authors, are fondly admired in France. True, it is the beautiful prerogative of literature to break down the prejudices, and remove the barriers which accident may have thrown between different nations. All I assert is, that in no class in England is

there a hostile or unkind feeling entertained towards France.

Take again the French stage. *Fra Diavolo* is a good humoured caricature, fair enough in its satire, and highly relished on our own stage. But what can be said of such an ill-natured piece as *Les Trois Dimanches* (at Palais Royal, 1838-9); where all the point rests in attributing dram-drinking to an English lady (let the imbibers of “*petits verres*” look at home!)—what, of the applause which nightly attends Bouffé’s delivery of the doggrel couplet, the substance of which is that he had rather be destroyed by a wolf of France, than bit by an English dog.* All these circumstances, slight in themselves, have a strong accumulative force in proving the jealousy which exists towards England among the middle classes in Paris. The author has travelled much in French diligences, and met with much of the same spirit, though, to do justice to the national politeness, never offensively expressed.

* In Candinot, roi de Rouen.—Gymnase, 1838.

The question then arises, from whence springs this feeling—is it the remnant of former antipathy, which has been so much slower in subsiding in France than among ourselves, as after twenty-five years of peaceful intercourse, to be still in full force among the middle classes?

Or does it arise from a sense of inferiority in extent of manufactures and commerce, and in speculations, such as railroads, which demand large supplies of floating capital?

I will not argue the merits of either of these, perhaps the two most plausible suppositions; in the one case, time, in the other, progressive development of the national resources, will work the cure.

I am an unfeigned admirer of the French nation; they are a great and interesting people; interesting from the geographical position of the country they occupy; interesting from the recollections of their past history; interesting from the weight and influence they exert on the destinies of the civilized world. London and

Paris are, by common consent, the two capitals par excellence—the twin emporiums of all that modern civilization can produce. The great mass of my countrymen are sincere well-wishers for the prosperity of France. And from the British shores, this wish for the welfare of this great nation, and the removal of all remaining prejudice against England, is by no one more fervently breathed than by the humble writer of these lines.

Paris, Jany. 1839.

SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS.

“The attempt to vie in luxury with persons of greater wealth and higher station, is, we fear, becoming too common among the middle classes.”—*Spectator, June, 1838.*

No doubt the middle classes, and all classes, from the base to the apex of the social pyramid,

will push onwards, and endeavour, by all possible means, to gain a step as to style in living. Hence, money-making, and money-spending, and all the re-action of thrift and extravagance, which plays so important a part in the bustling existence of a large community. The peculiar tendency, too, of our own age, no doubt, is fast; after going through every advance in pace of which animal power is susceptible, we have called in steam, with its locomotive miracles, and this is but typical of much of our social habits.

The principle itself is as old as human nature;

—— *hic ultra vires habitûs nitor,*

—— *hic vivimus ambitiosâ*

Faupertate—

is as true of London under Queen Victoria, of Paris under Louis Philippe, as it was of Rome, under Domitian. Still its developement will follow the shifting character of the times; but dress, equipages, sumptuous living, will always be the great points of display, since these possess

the double advantage of gratifying the appetites and vanity of the individual, and of giving evidence to the world of wealth and what is called respectability.

There is, then, nothing absolutely new in this propensity of the middle classes, which the Spectator so feelingly deplores; though it is very possible that circumstances belonging to the present period may promote its developement and notoriety. What check, however, supposing the evil acknowledged, is proposed?

Sumptuary laws, like those at Florence in the fourteenth century, would be somewhat out of date. Mr. Plumptre might more easily persuade the collective wisdom to allow of no baked meats (the toads in the hole, so ably panygerized by the Examiner) to issue forth on the Sunday; than curtail the shawl and silk waistcoats, the satin ties, and extra polished boots which contribute to get up a young man of 1838. Neither would the compulsory substitution of a mutton chop, and pint of stout, for the re-

cherchè club or tavern dinner, for the “little fishes” of Greenwich, or the spitchcocked eels of Richmond, be more effective with the sleek and respectable heads of families.

As to the ladies, it is perilous to think of curtailed toilettes, interdicted “clios,” and cashmeres, and not little bills, with “little French milliners,” grown more daring and expensive since the days of Sheridan. It is not, however, less certain, that with the fair sex, the experiment would be tried in vain. What, then, is to be done? Why things must, and what is more, *will* take their course. If the middle classes live too fast as a body, they will either find out their mistake, and pull up in time, or the class below, more thrifty and prudent, will take their place.

This, the Spectator admits, is probable and cheering.

PLEASURE!!!

AFTER all, to enjoy pleasure, and to analyse it, to exercise in turn the senses and the intellect, is all that is given to man, in the most prosperous developement of his organization.

Nor must we complain, for each pre-supposes the utmost developement of our physical and intellectual natures. But between these successive stages there occurs a period to some, which partakes of the properties of both. At this point, we look back on the buoyant pleasures of our youth, yet more as an actor than a spectator, and their reflected glow tinges our cheeks with its parting lustre. We look forward to the practical analysing future, and have a foretaste of its mental power, without the accompanying consciousness of the irrevocable departure of the illusions we have cherished. It is the *mind's* transition from flexile youth to hard enduring manhood. It is a moment pregnant with power, physical

and moral, for then only do we approach that highest developement of our nature, which consists in the fullest exercise of the senses, conjoined with the maturity of the intellect.

We approach, but we reach not this consummation, denied to our present nature, perhaps reserved for some future period of existence.

Trieste, November, 1838.

LEGITIMATE AMBITION.

AFTER all, then, said and done, what is the legitimate aim of our existence? Ambition may claim the fevered exertions of a few, who gain a dearly purchased success, whilst the many sink into the gulph of ruined prospects.

Unbridled indulgence in pleasure may destroy the multitude, that commit themselves to its guidance; yet these, without claiming any

asceticism of principle, these are not the lot that we would choose.

An undying name in the page of history is a dazzling, but must, in the majority of instances, be a delusive hope. The spirit, too, and bias of our age, which fosters an average of talent, adds to the improbability of success. What then remains?—the same causes that oppose the preponderance of individual talent, give increased scope to the principle of relation. And keeping this in view, a nobler goal is perhaps now open, than ever in former ages lay before mankind.

Would you play the part of a conqueror, you must indeed throw back the world into barbarism or anarchy, in order to gain a field for your exertions. Would you be a despot under the guise of a citizen, and for your sceptre wield only the axe of the fasces?—would you be a Scylla or a Robespierre, you must have a decaying republic, or the ruins of a monarchy, for the pedestal of your greatness; but for genuine citizenship,

of which even the ambition is founded on the social sympathies, there is nothing like a rich, civilized, active community, like that in which Providence has placed our lot.

To dazzle by a pre-eminence of station, to say nothing of the perils that environ a position,

Unde altior esset

Casus, et impulsæ præceps immane ruinæ,

is a brilliant, but scarcely, from intrinsic considerations, a desirable destiny.

But to hold such a station as connects us with our species by the ties of fellowship rather than those of interest—to be the advocate rather than the judge—to feel the *nil humanum* of the Roman poet not as a literary abstraction, but as a vital principle—to have ever present those great social questions, which, as far as individual judgment goes, we consider to involve the welfare and amelioration of our species—to labour in this cause, and to hope, at least, that our labour

will not be fruitless. And, throwing over this substratum of duty a moderate and not unseemly covering of pleasure, and in this also to cherish the social principle, not *ex* but *inclusive*,—and in our career as senator, journalist, or simple citizen, in a bustling age, and a great nation—to cherish the conviction that though individually our names may not descend to posterity, distinguished from the mass of our contemporaries, yet that, in the characteristic spirit of our times, we have a portion and an interest—this is a legitimate object of ambition.

Thus we shall have the consciousness that some currents of opinion which the historian of our epoch will have to notice, received an impulse from our individual exertions.

May this hope, founded on sober conviction, rather than ambitious aspiration, be not uncrowned with success. Thus, when the bustling generation of which we are a part, shall have passed away, and the tide of posterity shall have rolled over their graves—if, amidst the influences

of the past, we survive—if our exertions have contributed to the spread of one sound and generous principle, in legislation, morals, or the minor details of social life, then shall we be content, and deem that we have not lived in vain.

October 1, 1838.

BOLINGBROKE AND MIRABEAU.

THERE were two men in the last century, whose dazzling and eccentric career eminently fitted them to become the heroes of romance. Both possessed brilliant rather than solid attainments, and both played prominent parts in the history of their times, at the sacrifice of the commonly received laws of public no less than private morality. Each has accordingly found

his romance historian, and become a familiar name with that numerous class who draw their ideas of history from the pages of a novel. These men are Bolingbroke and Mirabeau. A word, by the way, on the two romances in which they figure. Bulwer's Devereux possesses striking scenes, and brilliant and sparkling dialogue ; yet few, in my opinion, would hesitate to pronounce Janin's Barnave to be the higher and more finished work. Putting out of the question the episode of the daughters of Sejanus, in which the descriptive powers of the horrible are carried to their highest pitch, this romance portrays in a masterly manner the opening scenes of the French revolution ; the wonderful physical and moral energy of Mirabeau, his supremacy alike in the tribune and the club ; the court of Marie Antoinette, from the time when the storm did but grumble in the distance, down to the disastrous flight and recapture of the royal family. The picture is elaborately complete, and

allowing for the royalist bias of its author, very faithfully given.

To return, however, to Bolingbroke and Mirabeau. The lover of historical parallel will easily find numerous points of resemblance between these remarkable men.

In private life, both pushed to the utmost extreme, and continued long after the former excuse could be available, the license pleaded for youth, or the loose morality of their age. In fact, not to mince the matter, they were a pair of as loose livers as either country produced. And this laxity in private life, was (notwithstanding what their apologists may say) accompanied by a corresponding disregard of public principle. It is in vain that Bulwer vaunts the consistency of Bolingbroke, or Janin lauds the high purpose of Mirabeau. Both, when the lustre which their genius shed over their career is abstracted, were men whose personal ambition was their sole recognized principle of action. Bolingbroke's great object was to be the first

English subject under a sovereign to whom he had made himself indispensable, as would have been the case under the Pretender. Mirabeau's to be the omnipotent Minister of France, under Louis XVI. To effect these designs, both undoubtedly high and dazzling objects of ambition, neither were scrupulous as to the means they used ; but the Englishman has the comparative merit of sharing the ill fortune of his party without desertion. For the French orator little can be said as a public man ; he propelled a great popular movement to further his ambition, then made his peace with, and notoriously received the pay of the court, and if he had lived would unceasingly have opposed the party on whose shoulders he had climbed to power. That this egotistical policy should be made a merit of in Mirabeau, that it should be said that foreseeing the coming excesses of the revolution, he repented his share in the downfall of the throne, and became on principle a moderate royalist, would excite our ridicule and contempt, if

stated in so many words ; but when wrapped up in a clever and eloquent four-volume novel, the sophistry may pass muster.

We would allow all due license to writers of fiction, but it is too much to assert gravely that this is the right reading of Mirabeau's character.

Both these remarkable men were eaten up with that overweening vanity, which absolutely overlooks its own proper attainments to seek for applause for those it does *not* possess, by some trick of charlatanism or legerdemain.

Both, to give the bright side of the picture, were endowed with remarkable talents, commanding personal eloquence, and that winning art of attaching men to their fortunes, which mere personal eloquence will not effect; both had every accomplishment of a finished gentleman; both, remarkable aptitude and power of application. They stand forth, two glittering figures, amongst the crowd that peoples the last century, and it is indeed a subject of regret, in regarding their career, to think that such an as-

semblage of qualities produced only a pair of rouès in private, and of versatile, and in Mirabeau's case, at least, venal statesmen, in public life.

Bingen, Sept. 22, 1838.

THE START AND THE FINISH.

How pregnant with meaning are these two words!—the salient points in the great events of human life—in smaller matters the landmarks by which memory can retrace the past. The subject has been often treated, yet it may still bear a few reflections.

The present and the future, anticipation and retrospect, youth and age, with all their associations, are but the changes on these two key notes. Let us enumerate a few of the topics here sug-

gested, leaving to the recollection of each to fill up the outline.

The start for a journey!—who does not recollect the moment? whether at the glorious commencement of a summer's day, when the sun seems absolutely to revel in his power, or the perhaps more enjoyable calm but bracing air, and cheerful grey of a lightly clouded horizon that marks a promising morning in autumn. The carriage is packed; a cigar, perchance, lighted; the legs are placed at a comfortable angle, and you turn the corner full of anticipations of the future, of scenery, of acquaintance, of the love or friendship that may await you in your course.

The *start on a hunting morning*—what associations does it not call up! A snug breakfast is on the table, to which ample justice has been done, as sundry fragments of rolls, shreds of beef and ham, or it may be a solitary kidney, now “left blooming alone” on the dish, amply testify. The last half cup of tea is going down; a peep at the window says “all right” as to

weather ; the drag, and the buggy with the trotting mare, or, best of all, the bustling little hack, is ready at the door. The first ten minutes from your door, as Nimrod says of the first glass of port after dinner, are worth three hundred a year to any man.

The *start for a race*—what a moment of hope and fear, and anxious expectation ! All looks promising. Twenty horses are at the post ; the condition of all is blooming ; each has hundreds of friends, and yet but one can win.

We will not moralise upon a start in life ; those who are at that moment are too much occupied with the reality, to read what others say about it ; of those who look back, each has his own recollections, of course, far more interesting than any common-place generalization.

But all things must have an end ; every start must have its finish ; come that sooner or later, be it prosperous or adverse.

The journey is over ; reality has succeeded to anticipation ; pleasure or disappointment has

been your lot ; the thing is done, you are at *the finish*. The inn receives you, with its ever ready hospitality ; you have seen what you have been dreaming of for years ; another spot has been wrested from the domain of fancy ; you are tired, perhaps out of humour—you are at the finish.

About five o'clock, on a gloomy November afternoon, a horseman is slowly pacing down a lane, of which a self-formed water-course, bedded with flints, constitutes the centre, enclosed in parallel lines on each side, by two irregular shaped banks of mud. The horse and rider bear a strong resemblance to one of the figures in the well known sporting print of “the workmen who have done the thing.” A limp behind bears testimony to a shoe being wanting ; an irregular patch of mud covers one side of the horseman’s hat, to which a crooked indent in the crown gives a peculiar knowing air ; and a supplementary dab under the eye, announces that he has been making a close acquaintance

with a ploughed field in the neighbourhood.—He is *at the finish*, or near it, it is to be hoped—for night is coming on apace.

The *finish of a race*;—what breathless expectation for the last half minute! The splendid stand is crowded with spectators; crowds line each side of the course; far in the distance a cloud of horsemen are making a short cut to the winning post. Deafening shouts, and a dead silence at intervals, mark the convulsive anxiety of the assembled multitude.

Down they come!—the tail reaches to Tattenham Corner, (for it's the Derby, and “no mistake,”) the race lies between three—the favorite is beat by a head. The speculations of the year are over.—We *are at the finish*.

The finish of life is too grave a subject to be here discussed—that it is inevitable, will not diminish the regret of those who have been wedded to its pleasures without any higher aim, for these are past beyond recall. It will not alleviate the

bitter retrospect of a selfishly useless or pernicious career.

But there is a reflection, natural enough, which arises herefrom. The same round of things is about to recommence ; others are at their start when we are at our finish ; there is no pause in the great scheme of nature ; as Lucretius says in one of those sublime passages of poetic description, which go far towards redeeming his material philosophy, that there is not a moment of time that is not marked by the plaints of new-born infants, and the groans of the dying. Thus, then, we are but points in a system ; we share the lot of our contemporaries ; if at the last we have no pleasant recollections, the fault has assuredly been our own

Milan, Nov. 1838.

PASSPORTS.

THE inconveniences attending the visès, &c., of passports, is often complained of by English travellers on the continent. Yet, I much question whether the constant occupation it affords, at least to those who travel unattended, and the demand for exertion, is not a boon rather than a misfortune. Then how many topics are thus suggested, when conversation flags, or is not yet established. I well remember, at Geneva, a very numerous, and no doubt intellectual society, got on for some days on this subject alone. Altogether, though John Bull may complain, continental travelling would lose much of its distinctive character if he could roam here and there, without regard to barriers and local functionaries.

Then, how many peeps into character are by this means afforded. The self-importance of local functionaries, in direct inverse ratio to their

actual consequence, till the syndie of some petty village well nigh bursts from self inflation.

Let not, then, the traveller quarrel with his passport.

A CATASTROPHE.

“ Last scene of this UN-eventful history.”

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* * * And thus step by step, his energies of mind and body crumbled away before the inroads of disease. There is something excessively painful in such an end, so different from a sudden blow, which arrests the energies of manhood in their full career. And this gradual decline, brought out, like the restoration of invisible writing, a host of mental weaknesses which pass unnoticed in the hours of health. It was then that every pleasure he had missed in his progress

through life, was recalled to his mind like a remorse. He thought too of the hours when it was given him to have stored up a treasure of affection and sympathy for after years, and how he had thrown all this aside for the gratification of some momentary caprice. And how the claims of friendship even had been postponed to his selfish pleasures, and had died away for want of nurture. And now he was tormented by his jealousy of the only woman on whose gratitude he had any claim. And he felt that there was a retributive justice in her desertion of him. * * *

And one after another, all sensations of pleasure vanished, and he could no longer take refuge in the negative calm of languor, and he thought of all his ambitious projects frustrated, and how in youth when he read of the exploits of history, his heart had throbbed, and he vowed that he too would one day take a share in memorable deeds. And afterwards, when he saw the world as it was, and had sketched out for himself a career of influence, and activity, and

usefulness even to mankind (and this last is too generally but the supplement to our castle building), how this, equally with his dreams of pleasure and visions of heroic enterprize, were come to an end. And all the petty jars of an unhinged mind came upon him,—regrets, jealousies and fears.

Such was the melancholy close of this young man's career, nor is the picture an uncommon one. It is a mistake too flattering to our *amour propre* not to be extensively popular, to suppose that bad health will necessarily soften down the more sensual and grosser parts of the character, and blend the hitherto jarring elements into a philosophical composure. In a strictly regulated mind this may indeed be the result; the fruits of long self-government and unselfish action may receive their crowning perfection from the inroads of physical decay; but how rare is such a case compared to those in which the decline of health only induces a deeper and more heartfelt regret for past and irrevocable pleasure.

Nor must we wonder at this : in active life our energies are distributed over a variety of objects; schemes of ambition, aspirations after the ideal retrospect of the stirring events of the past—anticipations of the untried future,—all these (accompaniments of youth and health,) share our attention along with the pursuit of pleasure. But when physical debility cramps the powers of mind and body, then when these complicated interests of the world are fading from our eyes, the thoughts are forced back on one subject, the pleasures that are past, we look back upon them with an energy of regret that is quite appalling. Thus the debility of bad health is far more of an enervating than composing character. The young mourn over their career prematurely closed ; the old think that they also could have done better.

Of all states of mind this maudlin regret for past pleasure is the weakest and most deplorable. Satiety has its grandeur of impassibility; remorse, its convulsive energy ; but there is an

intrinsic littleness in the ceaseless reference to what is gone, not as a good thing past, but an enjoyment lost, (each year haunted by the ghost of its predecessor,) which has no redeeming accompaniment.

Bath, April 1838.

PART III.

EXTRACTS FROM A TOURIST'S JOURNAL.

THE following are extracts from a journal, a bonâ fide journal, written almost entirely on the spots it seeks to describe. These are among the most beaten of our tourists' routes.—The only value they can possess, must be transcripts of the author's mind.

In the last year's tour (1838) there are more attempts at detailed descriptions of scenery ; in this very difficult branch of composition, some, perhaps partial, friends, have thought that the author has met with some success.

This judgment has induced him to extract from this portion of his journal, more at length.—

The extracts are arranged chronologically.

EXCURSION FROM CHAMOUNIX TO THE JARDIN
ANGLAIS, ACROSS THE MER DE GLACE; AU-
GUST 24, 1836.

Our party left Chamounix at five, a.m.; it consisted of Mr. and Madame N— from Aix la Chapelle, Mr. C— from the Hague, his son and two daughters, and myself. Some English ladies had performed the same expedition two

days previously, and it was from the conversation that ensued at the table d'hôte, that our present enterprise (for such it really is for ladies) originated.

We first ascended the Montanvert, all mounted on mules except myself—we halted a short time at the pavilion—and then having left the mules, to await our return there, we commenced the tug of war.

To reach the Mer de Glace at a point from which the passage across is practicable, we were obliged to descend from the Montanvert, by a narrow and rugged path; and two of the famous bridges (les ponts) have to be traversed.

The footing on one of these narrow ledges of rock was, I should say, not more than four inches in width, and this slender footing not on an entirely level surface; on one side rose a wall of rock, which fortunately sloped inwards a little, so that you could prop yourself against it; on the other was a sheer precipice (though not very deep), with the Mer de Glace, and its yawning

ing ice crevices below. In this manner, we passed across the face of the rock, all the ladies accomplishing the transit extremely well ; next came, after a short interval of rugged road, a similar passage, (the second bridge) shorter than the first, but not less trying ; the guides were of course of great assistance to the ladies in crossing ; with presence of mind and a steady head there was no danger, still not every traveller of the fair sex would be equal to the task. The edge of the Mer de Glace, before the solid ice is reached, is composed of blocks of stone of various size, embedded in a mass of dirt copiously moistened by the melted ice which flows from the glacier. This, though excessively fatiguing walking, had no appearance even of danger in it.

The Mer de Glace itself, had next to be traversed, in an obliquely serpentine course, in order to obtain favourable ground for passing the crevices.

Some of these were rather awful looking ; one

in particular, where the passage lay across a block of granite which filled up the centre of the chasm ; on this you had to jump, with the prospect, if you missed your footing, of dropping into a blue ice crevice of some hundred feet deep. After a third part of the Mer de Glace had been crossed, our route became comparatively easy ; in fact, most of this extraordinary glacier is fair walking ground.

After upwards of two hours ice walking, and a finish up a hill of ice, where the footing was somewhat slippery, we halted at the *Couvercle*, a small tract covered with broken rock. Having now attained the farther side of the glacier, here we halted, and made a scrambling dejeuner. Mr. C— who was upwards of sixty, returned from hence to the Montanvert, accompanied by the eldest Mlle. C— ; the rest of the party proceeded towards their destined point. From the *Couvercle*, a steep ascent led us across a rocky mountain side ; passing the third bridge, where the footing was excessively slender, as in the

other two, with the addition of a really awful precipice. Here we had a glorious view of a glacier, which like a frozen cascade, seemed to fall into the main sea of ice.

From this elevation, we descended into a valley of snow, down which a mountain torrent urges its course. Here was indeed a prospect ! We were in the midst of the sublimest portion of the Alpine solitudes—masses of snow, intermingled with ice, embosomed the rugged crags which formed the side of Mount Blanc, and these were again lost in a sea of dazzling white ; across the whole, floated the clouds, giving a remarkable shadow against the sheets of snow that spread on all sides.

This was our view *par excellence* ; from the Jardin itself we saw little or nothing. To reach this celebrated spot, we had to struggle through a valley of loose snow, and also to cross a tract of ice, very steep and slippery ; immediately beyond this lay our land of promise, the far-famed Jardin, which is neither more nor less

than an island of rocks, surrounded by a sea of snow and ice.

Between the rocks is a scanty herbage, on which a few sheep were grazing.

We had been nearly eight hours *en route*, having ascended to an elevation of about 8000 feet, having passed over every species of difficult ground; steep glaciers, deep snow, rough mountain ascents, and the slender passages across the rock having all been traversed, we took some refreshment at the Jardin, icing a bottle of Champagne at the edge of the glacier: of course this was for effect; brandy or even *Kircsh-wasser* would have been far more acceptable at such an elevation.

We had now to retrace our steps; four hours brought us back to Montanvert, where we were welcomed by the rest of our party. The ladies held out wonderfully, Madame N— arriving at Chamounix apparently very little fatigued.

A comfortable supper concluded the day, and we were *all* heroes and heroines for the rest

of the evening, and some time after. The ladies had reason ; with admirable patience, and steady courage, had they gone through the hardest day that the Alpine countries offer to the tourist.

MARTIGNY TO VEVAY.

THIS was one of the most picturesque day's travelling that I have enjoyed in Switzerland ; but for this I was more indebted to accidents of light, than to the intrinsic beauty of the scenery I passed through. I left Martigny about eight, after a most comfortable breakfast, and walked leisurely down the valley to Bex. It was one of the most brilliant days of summer sunshine that I ever saw ; and the effect of the reflection (as I suppose) of the sun's rays against the pale rock that lines the valley, was singular and

beautiful. A delicate bloom tint, a filmy veil of lilac, faint as the shadow of a colour, clothed the sides of the mountains ; above, was a sky of the purest blue. Near St. Maurice the heat became excessive. A slightly-made girl of sixteen was carrying an immense basket of fruit, and almost fainting under her ponderous burthen. I lifted it, and found it a right good armful. The Swiss women are so worked in early youth, that their vigour and freshness prematurely vanish. They would always be a plain race ; as it is, they become hideous. * * * At Bex I took a char-à-banc, and worked on to Villeneuve, where I dined very comfortably. Then I mounted a rude sort of cart, with a board suspended on straps by way of seat. We had an excellent trotter, and went a good slapping English pace, arriving at Vevay considerably within the hour. The drive was lovely : a storm had just passed over the lake of Geneva ; its waters were still ruffled and crisped with foam. On the Martigny side all wore the sombre tint

that marks a summer storm. Towards Geneva all was brilliant light, which declined afterwards into one of the finest sunsets I ever saw, every variety of gold, crimson and orange, being literally emblazoned in the sky.

September 2, 1836.

SUN-SET ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

THE regular steam-boat having been much shattered in the late storm, the Guillaume Tell, the oldest on the lake, conveyed the travellers from Vevay to Geneva. The passage was, in consequence, protracted to nearly twelve hours; but pleasant society and glorious weather left little cause to complain of this. Towards sun-set we saw distinctly the reflection of Mount Blanc in the lake—I believe this is very rare.

The mountain rose majestically, its peaks tinged with the faint crimson of sun-set, most faithfully mirrored in the lake.* Then, to finish the day, what a glorious sun-set! what rich varieties of colour! The red stream of light blending with the deep blue of the lake, and the indescribable bloom tint that dyed the Jura range, and the reflection of mountains, trees, and when the day had passed, of the surrounding lights in the water, formed a union of beauties that I shall never forget.

All that the eye could desire, in colour and form, was presented in our transit up the lake, and in every gradation of size, from the colossal mountain with its eternal snows, down to the minutest cluster of trees, faithfully mirrored in the waters. Then the gorgeous stream of colours that overspread the horizon at sunset, was

* This has been received with some incredulity by those to whom I mentioned it; I can vouch personally for its truth. Capt. H——n, travelling with his daughter, first directed my attention to it.

like the revelation of another and more glorious world, or a Platonic reminiscence of the primeval loveliness of nature, one of those

“Glimpses of glory, ne’er forgot,
That tell like gleams on a sunset sea,
What once hath been, what now is not ;
But, oh ! what again shall brightly be.”

August 16, 1836.

FONTAINEBLEAU.

FEW situations are more pleasing than that of Fontainebleau, a well-built town, surrounded by a really extensive forest, intersected by numberless roads of all dimensions, from the grande route of Paris and Lyons to the narrow alley, lined with sand or dry earth as soft as velvet, where your vehicle brushes against the foliage on either side. The ground undulates suffi-

ciently to allow of a succession of picturesque effects, which are set off by the never-failing contrast of a cold grey rock, scattered in picturesque masses throughout the whole district, and relieved by the fresh green of the foliage.

Of this peculiar style of scenery, the Vallée Branchard is the finest specimen; the eye ranges for six or seven miles over a tract of wild rock, encircled by the deep green of the foliage. The vista of rock itself may almost compete for sombre effect with the wilder portions of Switzerland.

I should not say that there were many individual specimens of fine timber in the forest of Fontainbleau; the 'Deux Frères' are but second-rate, nothing like the insulated majesty of some oaks in our New Forest. Yet, on the whole, from its great extent, the undulated ground it occupies, its peculiar rock scenery, Fontainbleau must claim a high place amongst the morsels of French landscape.

To enjoy Fontainbleau, you should have

broiled for a week at Paris ; then how cool, how delightful its shady drives !—these will ever be remembered by me with pleasure.

July 30, 1837.

LYONS.

It is a pleasant excursion, the descent of the Saone from Châlons to Lyons, but perhaps no travelling is so entirely comfortable as that by a steam-boat on a river. You have lots of people about you, a great point in my opinion. Is it hot?—an awning shelters you from the sun. You glide on through beautiful scenery, with all the adjuncts of society at your command. Do you want to eat?—supplies are ready at a moment's notice, and I have generally found them good on a steam-boat. Do you want a companion, *pro tempore*?—you have plenty to choose from. You can stretch your legs at pleasure, and smoke

your cigar. In fact, like the Palais Royal, all the wants of life, a traveller's at least, can be supplied in a steam-boat.

From Maçon to Lyons the scenery is all pleasing, (you glide down a fine river, across which numerous suspension bridges are in the course of erection): about three or four leagues from Lyons, the banks become bold and romantic; few cities can boast of a more picturesque approach. Lyons itself is eminently a city of contrasts. What can be finer than the quais bordering its two noble rivers?—what more detestable than the interior of the town, an absolute caricature of all narrow, filthy streets. * * * At the close of an excessively hot day, I strolled into the Place Belle-Cour. This large square was entirely filled with groups, engaged, 'like myself, in the process of self-ventilation, apparently with very little success. The thermometer marked 91 of Fahrenheit's scale in the shade to-day.

Lyons, August 8, 9, 10.

EXCURSION FROM THE GREAT ST. BERNARD
TO AOSTA, CORMAYEUR, AND BY THE
ALLÉES BLANCHES TO ST. GERVAIS.

A MOTLEY party of travellers were assembled on the 25th August at the hospice of St. Bernard. It was my second visit to this celebrated place ; I was in consequence something like a travelling oracle to the young ladies and gentlemen, and porsy respectable heads of families, who had jolted in char-à-banc^s to Liddes, and toiled up the long, and it must be acknowledged, uninteresting path which leads to the hospice from the Swiss side ; various plans were canvassed for the next day ; at last I urged on a group near me, the high picturesque claims of the Val d'Aoste and the pass of the Allées Blanches. After some deliberation, the expedition was agreed upon, and we set forward on the following morning. It has

seldom been my lot to fall in with a pleasanter party. If these pages should ever meet the eye of any of those with whom the chances of traveling thus brought me in contact, I hope they will accept this little sketch of our excursion as a grateful tribute to the memory of four days of social intercourse amidst some of the grandest and most lovely scenery that the Alps can offer.

Our party consisted of Mr. —, Madame V— and her daughter from Paris (the latter spoke English like a native), Messrs. C— and W— from London, Mr. F— from Dublin, and myself.

The whole party left the hospice on foot; our path skirted the little lake, and wound by a rather steep descent to St. Remy.

The scenery has no very remarkable beauties, but this was made up for by the hilarity of our party, inspired by the delightful air, at once summerlike and bracing, which an altitude of seven thousand feet produces on a sultry August day. After a little bother at the Piedmontese

frontier, owing to one of our party having left his passport at Geneva, we proceeded in two carriages to Aosta ; as we approached, the scenery became very fine—the pyramidal wedges of mountain are colossal in their proportions, and in looking back, the peak of Mount St. Bernard makes a good finish to the picture.

The valley of Aosta is probably one of the most fertile spots in Europe ; the Indian corn especially grows to an immense size.

Here we found tolerable quarters, and in the evening strolled about the town, surveying its antiquities, the most remarkable of which is a Roman arch said to have been erected twenty-four years before the Christian era.

The next morning, after a comfortable breakfast, we started in two char-à-bancs, and continued our route along the valley to Cormayeur ; beautiful scenery throughout, abundant wood, and luxuriant vegetation of every kind, set in a framework of noble mountains. Numerous castles and chateaux of more modern date were

scattered about the valley, some in good repair, others figuring as picturesque ruins. We had a merry luncheon at Morgex, where excellent bread and cheese, sundry bottles of Geneva beer, and some capital rum, were appreciated by the English portion at least of our party. It is difficult to overrate the picturesqueness of Pré St. Didier, concerning which, Dumas is so enthusiastic ; that is to say, if you take in the view from the hill above it, towards Cormayeur. Here is a grand view of the chain of Mount Blanc, with the abrupt peak of the Col de Géant, not very inferior in altitude to the mountain itself, right before you. The situation, too, of Cormayeur is extremely beautiful : here we halted for the night, dined late, and took a moonlight ramble in the evening, during which some singing (very good, by the way,) in the free and easy style, amused not a little our Parisian friends.

We left Cormayeur about nine A.M.: the start was picturesque ; the mules, four in number,

were sent on in advance, and for a short distance the whole party proceeded on foot. Our path lay along a valley bounded closely by mountains on each side, the peak of the Col de Géant being still the most prominent feature.

The path was at first as soft as velvet, as if to introduce us gently to the Allées Blanches. After crossing a bridge, we ascended for about half an hour, and this elevation introduced us at once to bolder scenery. We passed through a copse of pine trees; but this was the only vegetation visible, for the Alps shut in the narrow defile on each side; a fine glacier was here seen on our right. After descending into a verdant valley, which formed a beautiful contrast with the sombre colour of the mountains that bounded our horizon, we halted at a chalet, and supplied ourselves with rum and milk, which classic beverage added wonderfully to the spirits of the party; and this, as will be seen, became shortly after needful.

We now began to ascend, and thought we were

commencing a real mountain pull ; but no, the path descended again, to skirt the wild little mountain lake of Combal. Nothing could be more gloomy than the aspect of all around : we had previously enjoyed a beautiful view of the valley of Aosta that we had left behind ; the last rays of the sun, struggling with a coming storm, shone brightly on the foliage, vineyards, and meadows of that cultivated district ; but now a sheet of mist shut out all but what immediately surrounded us. It blended admirably with the grey rock of the mountains, and the waters of this little lake, set in a basin of rock and snow, so as to form a combination of the most sombre effects possible in nature. Add to this, the actual depression of spirits, produced by a soaking rain, and an absence of proper provision of clothes on the part of our fair companions, and you will have a travelling party well fitted to appreciate the sombre character of Alpine scenery.

We now ascended, and in good earnest, for

we were at the base of the Col de la Seine; and as we rose so did the wind, till it blew a pretty stiff gale, and bitterly cold, the rain intermingled with snow flakes. Our ladies were in a pitiable plight, drenched through, their mules scarcely able to make head against wind and rain; and the umbrellas, vainly attempted to be held for shelter, turned inside out.

If our fair fellow travellers ardently wished to exchange the gloomy sublimity of the Alées Blanches for the comforts of the Rue des Mathurins, and renounced the picturesque with some fervour, who shall sit in judgment upon them? At this "climax of disaster," relief appeared, in the shape of a mountain chalet, tenanted by some cowherds. Here some excellent warm milk, and savoury pig's feet, and a blazing wood fire (almost converted into steam by the exhalations from the dripping party that surrounded it), restored in some degree the flagging spirits of the party. Thus refreshed, we recommenced the ascent of the Col de la Seine. Here a brief

interval of fair weather allowed us to enjoy the double view of the valley in which Cormayeur is situated on the one side, and towards the Col de la Fours, overlooking Motet on the other ; a splendid line of mountain scenery, and towards Aosta tempered by the soft tints of a fertile valley. The rain now recommenced, and poured steadily upon us till we entered the auberge at Motet.

Such quarters for a large party of dripping travellers !—two rooms, through the roof of one of which the rain was pouring ; one small fire, whose flame almost sympathetically expired on the approach of such a circle of moisture as we presented ; and a house, small, dirty, and overspread with half-clothed children.

There is an epoch in our feelings, when despair nerves us to dash at the most astounding enterprizes ; but previous to this climax, there is generally an apathy which prevents our using the commonest precautions within our reach. Such was now the condition of some of our par-

ty ; they could hardly muster up courage to pull out of their diminutive packets a damp shirt to exchange for a thoroughly wet one. The ladies, with that patient heroism which is characteristic of the sex, resigned themselves to their fate. Shall I make the selfish confession that I was in high spirits? I had a pull over the rest of the party in a Mackintosh, and tolerably furnished carpet bag, and there was something so irresistibly ludicrous in the dripping and haggard faces that surrounded the fire—travellers for pleasure! that with the adjunct of the pithy drolleries of our Irish friend, I roared with laughter in the little back room, through which we had a glimpse of the rest of the party. Some boulli and tough mutton, washed down with mulled wine, improved the spirits even of the most desponding ; and after a glass of Kirschwasser round, we were in tip-top spirits. Oh ! the ludicrous incidents of that night at Motet !—goats and sheep poked their heads in at our window ; the rain dropped into one of our beds, unmentionable

insects abounded in another: and then the squalls of the children as they were rolled into bed in rows, one above another—for this mountain inn is a receptacle for the children of the cowherds, &c., who are boarded and lodged, as the landlady informed me, for eight francs a month—the tout ensemble realized all that I had heard of a populous Irish cabin.

Although our night quarters were none of the best, we did not wish for unreasonable early travelling. At half-past five our guide came to our door. We dressed, which was a succession of ludicrous incidents, attended with shouts of laughter; and on proceeding to breakfast, found that the ladies and Mr. —— were already *en route*, wishing, I suppose, to leave the scene of their discomfort as soon as possible.

We overtook them on the second pull up the Col de Bonhomme. The word “pull” will be intelligible to all who have travelled in mountainous countries. You have seldom a sheer ascent for more than half an hour or forty minutes con-

secutively ; for from the irregular outline which a mountain side presents, it follows that a space, sometimes level, at others a gentle descent or rise, succeeds to an abrupt ascent. To mount the Bonhomme we had three of these pulls ; the first over broken turf, not very steep, rounding the base of the mountain ; then, after an interval, such as I have mentioned, we had a severe half-hour up a clayey path, almost perpendicular, to a rock, from whence we had a fine view of the surrounding peaks. Previously, we had in fact seen nothing ; for though the morning was fine, a curtain of mist hid everything but the path immediately before us. The whole party now ascended together, at first more gradually, and then, for forty or fifty minutes, up as steep a path as was ever done by man or mule. This brought us to a line of frozen snow, and the summit of our pass.

Here the whole horizon was studded with mountain peaks, the celebrated chain of M. Blanc ;—some snow-capped, others jagged in

the most fantastic forms, and one set clustered like a fan. This is the crack view of the Allées Blanches. It might, perhaps, disappoint some who had a high preconceived idea of their picturesque marvels. The view in question can scarcely be termed picturesque in the ordinary acceptation of the word; there is little contrast of colour, nor has it the unique *sui generis* character of the panorama of glaciers that surround Chamounix. Still, as an extended view of the boldest portion of the boldest mountain chain in Europe—the cream of the majestic and severe in Alpine scenery, it may well challenge the admiration of the traveller.

Touching the Col de Bonhomme, our friend Monsieur —, who speaks a little English, made a witticism, which from local circumstances had great success. In the last steep ascent, when nearly every body was winded, our friend, wiping his jolly handsome face, and gasping for breath, turned to the assembled party, and exclaimed, “What you think of the good man?” In ac-

knowledgment, we laughed as much as the exhausted state of our lungs would admit of. The descent to Contamine is eminently beautiful; we left a fine glacier to the right above Nantbourant, and entered gradually on a fertile well-wooded valley, crowded with groups of chalets, such as you generally find at the base of the Alps, as if to compensate for the paucity of habitations in the latter.

At Contamine we halted; a substantial meal was put before us, and we fed as only travellers emerging from bad quarters do feed; everything disappeared.

Few things can surpass in beauty the road from Contamine to St. Gervais: you traverse a fine rich valley, resting against the foot of the Alps, and one view (which belongs properly to those travelling the reverse way), where the deep green of a pine-clad mountain abuts without any gradation on the pure snow of Mount Blanc, is without a parallel in my travelling recollections for its contrast of colour. The shades of evening

brought us to St. Gervais baths, on the picturesque situation of which I will not enlarge. It is a lovely valley in miniature. Our ladies had need of repose; I was truly happy to find afterwards that they had not suffered from the inclemencies of weather, and travelling inconveniences to which they had been exposed. As in the excursion to the Jardin last year, I had again cause to admire the fortitude and patience that were displayed.

August 25, 6-7-8.

FROM THE LAKE OF THUN TO LEUK BATHS BY
THE GEMMI.

I LEFT Interlaken on a lovely September morning. The great topic of conversation at that place has been the late battle of Interlaken, which

may rank in modern history by the side of Hood's revolution of Stoke Pogis. Some weeks ago, a party of Englishmen at the H. Pension sallied forth after a champagne dinner in a state most "uproarious and glorious." As is usual on such occasions, the origin of the broil which ensued is somewhat obscure—however, a battle royal shortly commenced, with certain of the voituriers, &c. of the place; our countrymen seem, from what I heard, to have fought against considerable odds in number, with characteristic pluck and courage. In the progress of the fray certain gendarmes appeared, officially to quell the riot; our compatriots, however, not having the fear of these authorities before their eyes, actually wrested his sword from one, and tore his uniform. The Swiss combatants were struck with horror at this audacity (unequalled since the Gaul pulled the beard of the Roman Senator), and even the battle's din was hushed. Reinforcements soon arrived to back the officials, and our countrymen were lodged in *durance vile*. Sum-

monses, &c. "more Helvetico" succeeded, and the affair is still pending.

After skirting the Lake of Thun, and enjoying varied views of that fine sheet of water, I turned up a Swiss valley, with its usual accompaniments, a framework of peaked and snow-capped mountains on each side, rich pastures and wood between, and a brawling mountain stream going the pace down the middle.

It was fair-day at Frutigen ; the auberge was filled to suffocation ; I strolled into the kitchen, and saw such preparations for solid feeding as reminded me of Camacho's wedding. The cook fished into a pot, and at the first go out came two fowls and a piece of bacon. The quality of the cheer, however, by no means corresponded with that of the illustrious banquet above mentioned, for a piece of mutton I tried was "longo intervallo" the toughest meat I ever tasted, and this is saying a good deal, with the recent recollection of certain pig's feet at a chalet on the Allées Blanches, and some never-to-be-forgotten beef-

steaks four years back, at Aberdovey in North Wales.

From Frutigen I started in a char-à-banc, and proceeded at a capital pace up the valley to Kandersteg. A beautiful valley it is, and the picture was completed by the full glow of the setting sun on the fine snow slope of the Altels. At Kandersteg I found three Englishmen who had just crossed the Gemmi. One of them had narrowly escaped being frozen to death, in crossing the Allées Blanches from Contamine to Motet too late in the day; he and his guide were overtaken by a snow-storm, and obliged to pass the night on the Col de Bonhomme, under the partial shelter of a rock.

I started on foot at an early hour the next morning, and mounted a steepish ascent surrounded by rock and pine for about an hour, then crossed a sort of table land of rock, and arrived at a chalet half-way across the Gemmi.

After halting a short time I skirted the *Lac de Daub*, a small and solitary sheet of water, placed

amidst very wild scenery, no vegetation visible, all naked rock intersected by patches of snow. From hence ascended again, and obtained a beautiful view of M. Rosa, and some of the other Alps, and shortly after reached the edge of the Gemmi, which rises like a wall above the baths of Leuk.

I descended the celebrated zig-zag path which leads to the latter place; it is justly accounted one of the wonders of Switzerland, and on looking back from the bottom not a vestige of your route is discernible. The mountain rises abruptly like a wall, and the turreted form of some of its peaks adds to its resemblance to castellated masonry. A fitting chateau for one of the Pre-adamite Kings, or some equally fantastic and shadowy personage.

September 8-9.

A FINE DAY AT GENEVA.

GENEVA never looked more attractive than now when about to leave it. The lake was an unruffled mirror, with here and there a picturesque sail gliding across.

It is perhaps difficult to explain the feeling of regret one experiences, in knowing that one is in a place for the last day.

Then it is that all its beauties appear to the best advantage ; then are pretty faces and neat ankles visible at the corner of every street, and the whole town seems to reproach one's departure at this precise moment.

And who that wanders over the world has not felt reluctant to quit a spot where even during a temporary residence he has passed happy days, —these may not return !

“ As onward we travel, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit a while
Those few sunny spots like the present,
That mid the dull wilderness smile !”

The sunset was superb; from the platform on the roof of the Hotel des Bergues it was a magic scene. There lay before us the clear outline of the Alps, not a peak lost to the eye, their snow tinted with the evening crimson—then the reflected light which rested on the surface of the lake, the fresh green of the foliage on the banks, the deep purple tint on Jura, and for a climax, a dark cloud half-way up these mountains: all was perfect, and such a variety of colour.

At this moment the steam-boat came in; the Quai and Pont des Bergues were crowded, and the coup d'œil was so enchanting that all on the roof of the hotel burst into a cry of admiration. Some lovely women on the platform, whose complexions caught momentarily the brilliant tints of the atmosphere, were

not the least attractive objects in this delightful view.

1838.

EPSOM RACES—THE DERBY DAY.

May 30th.

THE morning, which had been cloudy, changed about nine into a very promising appearance, and at ten o'clock, our starting time, the sun shone brightly on the Derby day. The road was "much as usual," if these three common-place words suffice to recall one of those wonderful exhibitions of collected numbers which the vicinity of the greatest modern capital can alone present. This annual jubilee was as thronged as usual—the bustle commencing at Clapham Common, and from thence onwards, the road covered with vehicles and horsemen of all kinds and degrees. At length "the steep ascent is

won," and Epsom Downs, that classic ground to every Englishman, appear in view.

Brilliantly shone the sun on this wonderful spectacle ; already (one o'clock) a vast multitude had encamped on the hill and lined the extended vista of the course—but still at each entrance a moving train kept adding to the assembled crowd. About two o'clock, the stand was filled—it is never uncomfortably crammed (like Ascot) from its colossal proportions ; elegant women occupying the front of the Salon, and the leads thronged with their full complement of sporting characters and pleasure-goers, &c. of the other sex. Here the usual recognitions took place among our English youth,—“ How d'ye do, old fellow ? ” “ Thank you, I'm as fresh as a three-year old ! ” “ And you?—feel the beans prick, eh ? ”—“ cum multis aliis ” of the affectionate greetings usual on such occasions.

The attention of all was now directed to the great event ; every little bustle near the starting post was taken for the start, and one or two

false attempts kept adding to the general anxiety. About three o'clock the race was run, and leaving to newspaper critics to describe the exact share which each horse took in it, I will just state what I saw. I stood on the identical spot (marked by an indent in the leads) from whence I have seen the four last Derbys, a spot endeared by successive souvenirs of this most amusing day.

Shortly after the start was announced, I saw (through the boundary line of the crowd that edged the curve of the course) the group of horses with the kaleidescope colours of their riders, making their way at a tremendous pace. As they approached the hill, a tail was distinctly visible through the loop-holes of the crowd, several being already beat by the pace.

Grey Momus, from his colour, was now conspicuous, apparently pulling very hard in the front rank; but all eyes were now turned to Tattenham Corner, this being the point from

whence the fortunes of the day can be conjectured with some probability.

It is truly a glorious sight to see twenty horses make that turn at full speed, curving round the barrier, and dashing onwards like a wave.

Down the slope they come!—and every stride is distinctly visible. “Hats off, gentlemen,” had long since been obeyed, and nothing now impeded the sight of the anxious multitude.

I was now convinced that Grey Momus could not win; every stride he took seemed more laborious, and two horses now shot ahead of the crowd. Ion was recognized as one, but his competitor passed him, and won cleverly by about a length:—the grey was third.’ But what words can give an idea of the spectacle which the last ten or twelve seconds of time presented to the eye? I will not attempt what so many have seen, and will never forget—the finish of a Derby.

No sooner was the result declared, than the

usual movement took place among the immense crowd, every one making his comments of joy, or sorrow, or indifference upon the event ; others asking, with breathless eagerness, which had won ?

Some thought it was Chymist ; but all conjectures were soon set at rest, by the judge declaring Amato to be the winner.*

The refreshment room in the grand stand was now filled with parties coming and going, and in the centre, the tables were speedily seized on by the hungry pleasure-hunters who once a year exchange the smoke and bustle of their homes for the free air and bustle of Epsom Downs. But nothing is more infectious than the gratification of our appetites ; before half an hour had elapsed nearly every vehicle was converted into a table, knives and forks went to work, corks were drawn, and John Bull, represented by the

* Sir G. Heathcote's Amato . 1

Col. Peel's Ion . . . 2

nice little party of 60,000 on the course, took a substantial meal—"A scene such as no other country can exhibit," said a neighbour of mine, who was deep in a veal pie, and watching the bubbles in a glass of champagne. I fined him a tumbler for the quotation, sighed sympathetically, and swallowed my mouthful of tongue.

But all things have an end; and appetites were at length appeased, and empty bottles declared that the fluids were exhausted, and with the dust and bustle and uproarious jollity of the return home, ended (as must end all the excitements of this bustling world) the Derby of 1838. *Requiescat in pace.*

London, May 31.

GOODWOOD RACES.

ON the 30th of July, on a fine summer's evening, M—— and I rode from Worthing to

Arundel, where we took up our quarters for a few days, and joined a very pleasant party for the Goodwood Race week.

I will not enlarge here on the attractions of this meeting, on the excellence of the arrangements on the course, the picturesque situation of the course itself, or its sporting claims from the number and value of the stakes ; all these points are well known. But probably, except to the inhabitants of the Arundel side of the country, the ride from the latter town to the race-course by the downs is not so well known ; it is only accessible to pedestrians and horsemen, and even most of the latter accompany the string of carriages, and share in the dust and glory of the Brighton and Chichester road.

Few rides, however, in England have more claims to the picturesque than the one in question ; you skirt the South Downs, winding through copses of wood, alternating with slopes of turf, enjoying the whole way a series of beautiful coast views, till a fine turf gallop, backed by a

belt of wood, brings you at once on the race-course.

The first day's weather was lovely ; the course in all its glory, brilliant sun and bracing air. The second day was a sad falling off of blue sky, and towards the finish, a falling down of rain. But the Cup day was the climax ; it produced even more than an average muster of company, for the blockade of carriages when I rode up, about half-past one, extended from the stand, nearly, if not quite, over the edge of the hill from the park.

The weather was unique ; it had rained torrents in the morning, and subsequently a sheet of mist, intermingled with, drizzling rain and tearing gusts of wind at intervals, settled on the race-course. It more resembled a bad day on a Swiss mountain, than anything to which our summer climate treats us in England. A sea of mud surrounded the grand stand, into which were crammed all the beauty and fashion of the neighbourhood, whilst almost every

sporting man of note was assembled outside, under Mackintosh and umbrella. The sight would have been superb, but the weather spoiled all.

The race for the cup, which was, in fact, no cup, but an elegant design in chased silver, came off about half-past three. It excited, of course, considerable interest.

The celebrated Irish horse Harkaway was the favourite, and for once the favourite won. Owing to the fog, nothing could be seen of the race but the start and the finish. At length, after some minutes of anxious expectation, the bugle sounds, and shortly after, the horses are seen struggling through the mist; the Irish horse clear ahead, and Adrian second. I never remarked a group of more lovely women than my eye rested on in front of the stand. Alas! there was no opportunity for any display of toilette, and after sitting out the races they had to be conducted through an avenue of mud to their carriages.

START BY STEAM FROM LONDON.

THE vicinity of London Bridge presented, this morning, one of those curious scenes which belong essentially to the bustling existence of a great capital. The Boulogne steam-boats had lowered their fares for the first time this season ; for five and three shillings John Bull could transport himself to French ground, and talk of his travels.

The names of Boulogne and France had doubtless been canvassed, the preceding evening, in scores of snug parlours in Whitechapel, and about eight o'clock this morning out came the result, in a string of cabs, and here and there a rickety old coach, with heavy family baggage, that half filled Thames Street. Such a motley crowd was never seen, the extreme tail of the English travellers for the season. Corpulent middle-aged gentlemen were sweating under

ponderous bags and portmanteaus, with which they were hurrying on board; then came a detachment of light bandboxes, and nondescript minor packages, with, here and there, a greasy nightcap protruding through a crevice. The “touters” of the rival steamers were remarkably active, and ludicrous mistakes took place among those who were misled by the “Queen” or “Sovereign’s” partisans.

Impelled by curiosity, I went on board the Queen, glanced at the crowd, and thanked my stars that I was not going to Boulogne, but by the Soho to Antwerp, where two-guinea fares render the company somewhat less numerous.

I started at twelve, and had an excellent passage of twenty-one hours—it was, in fact, so calm that even the most inexperienced voyager had no excuse for being ill—which unlooked for comfort contributed to render the party most hilarious and sociable—lots of talk and lots of feeding were the order of the day and night. We were about thirty in number. A splendid

September morning ushered us into the Scheldt, with its banks as flat and its waters as calm and glassy as any lover of Flemish landscape could desire.

Groups of small vessels and fishing-boats seen here and there with their rows of masts rising above the level expanse of water, brought forcibly to one's recollection the water-pieces of the Flemish school. Antwerp, once so bustling in its commerce, so renowned too in military history, is but a ghost of its former self—a heavy dropsical languor seems to hang over the whole place. “The dull weed that rots on Lethe’s wharf” has doubtless some specimens of its kind about the banks of the Scheldt, in or near Antwerp.

Some tolerable pictures, various familiar household recollections of Rubens, the citadel and cathedral, are all that can be found to interest the general traveller.

About four P.M., I placed myself in a carriage on the Liege rail-road, and after sundry stop-

pages, arrived at Ans, about two miles from Liege.

Here was an extraordinary scene. About a dozen omnibuses were drawn up near the station-house, the conductors of which, not content with urging their claims for the conveyance of passengers in modest omnibus style, vociferated one and all at the top of their voices—never was heard such discordant screaming. In the intervals of this, there came upon the ear the complaints of disconsolate travellers who had lost their luggage (for it was now dark). Altogether the scene was extremely ludicrous.

At length, after being nearly pulled to pieces by rival conductors, I jumped into a promising-looking omnibus, and was soon lodged in the Grand Monarque at Liege.

September 13-14.

DESCENT OF THE MOSELLE FROM TREVES
TO BERNCASTEL.

TREVES is full of antiquities of all shapes and sizes, from a Roman amphitheatre to a fragment of an arch. I crossed the bridge and mounted a hill to the left of the town. The view of the latter and the silvery windings of the Moselle formed an agreeable prospect. I dined extremely well at the old hotel (Maison Rouge), and had a capital bottle of moselle (Braunberger).

After a good deal of irresolution, I screwed up my courage to start in the Eil yacht or accommodation barge, which descends the river twice a week from Treves to Coblenz. Accordingly, I got up at three the following morning, and made a melancholy progress through the town on a wet September morning, preceded by a wheel barrow of luggage and a lantern. I found the little vessel in a most terrible plight: the rain which had fallen during the night had deluged the deck, and a black sediment it had left

was gradually oozing into the cabin. In this cabin, lighted by two wretched mutton candles, sat a party in a sort of medium between torpor and ill-humour, at being roused so early from their beds. Not finding this society very promising, I mounted on deck ; but a chill aguish damp that pervaded everything soon forced me down again to the close atmosphere below. It is doubtless proper to try every kind of travelling, from the climax of locomotive speed to the anti-climax of the slowest possible ; and in this respect the Eil yacht is highly deserving of encouragement.

Seriously though, we glided on at a snail's pace, sometimes abandoned to the current, at others towed by horses through some beautiful and always pleasing scenery. Rich slopes of wood continually meet the eye ; this is the peculiar feature of the banks of the Moselle, and in this way the Rhine perhaps offers nothing equal to it—but you miss the numberless picturesque ruins that adorn the latter. On the Moselle

these are few and far between. Our party improved in humour after breakfast, and at an early dinner we appeared to find each other very agreeable. We were approaching the rapid climax of a traveller's friendship, when the bell summoned me to land at Berncastel, my intended quarters for the night. Thus it is in travelling as in life; we become attracted to others, and our courses are parted and we meet no more, and echoing the feeling of the ballad,

We think how sweetly life would pass
With *some* we've left behind us.

Berncastel is familiar to all the world from Harding's showy picture in the water-colour exhibition this season : the artist seems to have taken some liberties with the locality, improving a little upon nature, by bringing a slope of wood nearer the town ; but this is *en règle*. Without embellishment, Berncastel stands finely, with its

ruined castle looking proudly down from a vine-clad eminence.

September 20-1.

STUTGARD.

SOME races at Canstadt, a few miles from this town, attracted all the fashionables to-day, including the court; I vainly tried to procure either a vehicle or horse, the search was as hopeless as it would be in the environs of Epsom on the Derby day; I was consequently reduced to pedestrianize, which the heat, for it was the temperature of July to-day, rendered rather fatiguing.

The races themselves were amusing enough to an Englishman, like a play that is bad enough

to be laughable.* Sundry heavy-tailed jockies bestrode ragged-looking horses, and were loudly cheered, as they passed the circle of spectators at a pace which was in Wirtemberg considered a regular Tattenham Corner run-in.

The muster of company was very brilliant, including the court, whose equipages, &c. were extremely well appointed: but then this is the Ascot of the capital. A little after twelve all was over, and the beau monde returned to dinner. The beautiful promenades towards Rosenstein were filled with all classes in the afternoon; these are the best feature in Stutgard. A beautiful range of shady walks and drives extending for several miles is not a thing that every capital can boast of.

The much-vaunted palace is disproportioned in size to the town; it is a Versailles, with Stutgard for its Paris, and the huge gilt crown on

* Should this meet the eye of any who spent the summer of 1834 at Aberdovey, I entreat them to remember the performance of Auber's Masaniello, at a race bespeak at Aberystwith.

its centre is exactly in that chaste style of decoration which is so much applauded on the ample proportions of a Twelfth-night cake.

AUGSBURG.

THERE is an air of respectable antiquity about this ancient city, and though a decayed place, the impression it gives to the traveller is not unpleasing.

What shades of individual character are observable in the altered fortunes of places that once were great ! To take my little excursion from London here as an example. Antwerp once was great among the greatest ; the great commercial emporium of the North of Europe, she long defied the arms of the greatest existing power.

What is she now ?—a decayed slovenly town

resembling a peevish invalid who mourns over his departed hours of health.

Spa was once great in its line, a pinchbeck sort of greatness, it may be—what is it now?

The crowd of aristocratic “legs,” and ladies of immaculate pedigree and doubtful reputation, that once crowded the Redoute, are now pursuing their vocation at other Spas. Yet still the form remains, though the substance has departed. The Salon (a noble room, by the bye) still echoes to the strains of music; and, lo! four attenuated figures, ghosts of former gaiety, are dancing in the centre. The *rouge et noir* table is still there; but a “beggarly array” of five-franc pieces respond to the call, *Faites le jeu*.

From Augsburg, too, the glory has departed, yet it seems to bear its altered fortunes with a good grace. It is inseparably connected with the palmy estate of Burgher life in the middle ages; its “merchants were princes,” literally, for the Fugger family, of whose souvenirs the whole town is full, were ennobled by the emperors of

Germany, in return for some well-timed pecuniary assistance.

Commercial greatness has now excursed farther north; we must look for it on the banks of the Thames, the Elbe, or the Mersey. The times, too, have changed; European capitalists, instead of trading in Peruvian gold, like the Fuggers, now embark their fortunes on those lines of the baser metal, yclept rail-roads. Apart from these souvenirs of Burgher greatness, fresh in their lusty energy as a draught of generous wine, Augsburg is now a handsome, clean town, with a contented and healthy-looking population, and one noble street, intersecting the whole town: few architectural prospects can surpass that looking down the street from the Protestant church.

I made out a day at Augsburg very well; after the sights within the walls were exhausted, making a trip to a garden about a mile distant, where beer-drinking and waltzing were in full vigour. I have heard it observed that no man

who eat a hearty breakfast could lead an immoral life ; I always cheered the sentiment to the echo, being well convinced of the orthodoxy of my morning appetite, and finding, consequently, this gastronomic-ethical philosophy altogether to my taste. A less exceptionable position perhaps is, that a town, which supports a first-rate inn, retains much of the principle of vitality even amidst its decay.

And here is the Three Moors, formerly a spacious palace of the renowned Fuggers, confessed by all travellers to be a first-rate inn, and possessing one of the choicest and most extensive cellars in Europe. The wine carte contains 102 varieties. Unfortunately the limited capacity of the human stomach forbid my trying all these ; but of those I imbibed, some red Palermo wine, with a full rich flavour, between port and Burgundy, left a very pleasant souvenir of the Three Moors.

October 1.

MUNICH.

MUNICH is, undoubtedly, a very handsome town—nay, more, it has scarcely any shabby streets. The must and dirt of antiquity have been rubbed off the really old quarters, and every thing wears a neat, jaunty, and fresh appearance. It is a city of to-day, all seems just finished, or in progress. There are three things which are allowed to be first-rate of their kind in Munich, —the statue and picture galleries, and the opera-house, or national theatre; of these I disposed of two to-day, reserving the pictures for another time. The Glyptothec, or gallery of sculpture, is a handsome building, with a lofty Ionic portico. There is much that is curious and interesting in its contents, which, not to plagiarise the guide-books, consist of a succession of halls all tastefully decorated, each containing a distinct epoch of the art, arranged chronologically; thus you

commence by the Etruscan, advancing gradually to the hall of modern sculpture. In this last a girl in a stooping posture, by Schadow, struck me the most.

The national theatre is a noble edifice of colossal and just proportions. A brilliant audience was assembled to-night. Besides a portion of the Bavarian court, the Crown Princes of Russia and Denmark occupied conspicuous places. Robert le Diable, in a German dress, was the piece selected. The orchestra and chorus justify all the praises they have received, and the stage effects surpassed even those at the Academie Royale at Paris. A more beautiful succession of scenic effects than those in the third act, from the moonlight shining on the solitary cross to the conflagration at the close, it is impossible to imagine.

Mme. Von Hasselt, who, I believe, is considered the prima donna, played the part of the Princess; she has a powerful soprano voice, and some of her high notes produced an electrical

effect. Bayer, who played the Duke of Normandy, had a painful insufficiency of voice; he vainly struggled to fill the immense space he had to contend against. The other singers may be characterized as respectable.

The splendid theatre, crammed to the ceiling, had a magnificent appearance, and one of the best places cost only two shillings.

Thus it will be seen that Munich has many attractions to offer to the traveller, and to some, may suit well as a residence. The town is handsome and airy; amusements are cheap and good, and provisions abundant. Piercing through these outward forms, it will not be very difficult to realise a picture of Munich life. The court is, of course, omnipotent, as must always be the case in small capitals, where there is no class of sufficient wealth and importance to act as a counterpoise. The inhabitants appear to be a happy, free-living race; if little wealth, there is, probably, still less absolute poverty in Munich; and the citizen's two great wants, the "panem et

circences," good living and amusements, &c., beer, waltzing, and the opera being supplied, all goes on smoothly. Of course, where a court meets with no class whose influence commands respect, there can be no free expression of opinion; and this, joined to the general jollity and good living that prevails, justified the philosophical remark of a gentleman who sat next to me at the opera. Whilst I thought he was examining the legs of a danseuse, he was, in fact, moralizing on the social system at Munich. —"Ay," said he, "this is the place of luxury and slavery."

October 3.

MUNICH CONTINUED.

THERE is no first-rate inn here; a great deficiency in a capital which takes such high ground

as to modern improvements. The Hirsch, where I am located, by common consent allowed to be the best, is but second-rate ; the bed-rooms are airy and comfortable, wine carte tolerable : the Stein (Franconian) very good, cooking passable ; but the waiting is slovenly and bad ; and the *salle à manger* dirty and ill-ventilated.

I took a ride to Nymphenberg, a summer palace of the king's. The gardens are laid out in the old French style, with statues at regular intervals, rectangular walks and oblong pieces of water. The green-houses are extensive, and, I believe, the collection of plants is reputed a choice one ; but the best things I saw were two extremely fine fountains, whose waters dashed down in one grand natural cascade, instead of being frittered into twenty points, and then squirted out, like so many syringes, which is the general plan. I have met with some very good travelling society here, having tailed off the crowds of would-be tourists that infest the Rhine. Altogether, with the fine arts at the

rate of two doses per diem, painting in the morning, and music in the evening, and immediately a ride, and tolerable dinner, the time passes away pleasantly enough.

OCTOBER FEST AT MUNICH.

THE sun shone brightly on the great annual festival of Munich. Its principal components are an exposition of live stock and agricultural produce, and a horse-race. It is, thus, at once the Smithfield and Epsom of the Bavarian capital.

From an early hour the streets were crowded; every one was in his or her best holiday attire, and a mixture of fine rough-looking Tyrolese, with the firm step and bent knee of mountaineers, gave a novel appearance to the whole.

The ground where the October Fest is held,

is admirably adapted for the purpose. An abrupt ridge divides a fine expanse of turf into two plains, one fifty or sixty feet lower than the other : on the lowest of these the festival is held, and on the ridge itself are cut rows of seats, one above another, like an amphitheatre, excepting that it forms a line instead of a circle. This can accommodate from 20,000 to 25,000. Imagine, then, this closely compacted mass of human beings, for not a square inch was unoccupied ; the heads of the women glittering with their showy costume, a bag of gold or silver tissue placed at the back of the head. Below, beyond the enclosed race-course, were carriages, horsemen, not very numerous, and a crowd of pedestrians, who had arrived too late to obtain a more elevated position.

A cattle-show, which presented nothing very particular, was followed by the horse-race, the great attraction of the day. Thirty horses started; their jockeys were tolerably accoutred in the English style, but rode without either saddle or

stirrups. They had to go four times round the course, whose circuit exceeded, I should think, an English mile, so that at the last round the tail was awful. These lads rode wonderfully well, I thought, and at the finish a very tolerable race was made between two. The excitement among the crowd was prodigious—the Derby was never watched with more anxious expectation.

There were many good-looking women among the mass, and their head-dresses, glittering in the sun, which shone brilliantly, had a gorgeous effect.

Rifle-shooting and other entertainments were to have followed the race; but the hungry crowd, for the German dinner-hour had long elapsed, dispersed like magic, as soon as the winner was declared.

There were said to be not less than 40,000 people present. It was really a fine sight.

October 7.

SALTZBURG AND THE SALTZKAMMERGUT.

It is difficult to overrate the picturesqueness of Salzburg. Often as it has been described, finishing with Inglis and Mrs. Trollope, I must still say a word on its situation. When looking from the bridge, on the Bavarian side, the eye takes in a fertile valley, through which the river Saltz urges its course, edged with every variety of mountain scenery, from the pyramidal wedge that cuts abruptly against the sky, to softly-fringed wooded slopes, which are now glowing with the first tints of autumn. High on the right, towers the castle, one of the strongest fortresses in the country ; it still seems to defy the town, prostrate at its feet. This same town has a most picturesque irregularity of outline. On each side of the river, for a short distance from the bridge, the eye takes in a considerable mass of buildings : then, instead of a meagre

straggling suburb, detached groups of houses are thrown here and there, some embosomed in wood, others perched on eminences of rock that overhang the stream. The effect is altogether most singular.—In company with Mr. M— (to whose society I am indebted for many pleasant hours in this excursion from Munich, and during a fortnight's residence at Vienna), I visited the Salt Mines at Hallein. They have been described by tourists "*usque ad nauseam*." I was disappointed on the whole : though highly curious, there were scarcely any fine effects to the eye, which I had, perhaps foolishly, anticipated. The only exception is the first view of the brine chamber, a large basin cut in the rock, where the salt is in solution : this is illuminated, and when you pass it in a boat the effect is curious, and even beautiful. Suffice it then to say, that we descended the inclined planes, and rode the wooden horse, full accounts of which, are they not to be found in the books of Inglis and Mrs. Trollope ?

We then returned, in the decline of as fine an autumn day as was ever made, to excellent quarters at the Archduke Charles.

After some farther exploring the beauties of Salzburg, I started alone to Ischel, arranging to rejoin my companion at Lintz.

Most lovely is the scenery of this part of Austria!—less bold than that of the Alpine countries, it yields to none in beauty; an infinite variety of outline, hill, dale, wood and water; all bold, if none are absolutely grand, accompanies the traveller to Ischel. Ischel is in the centre of the Salzkammergut, as this district is named.

It is now a flourishing watering-place, thronged during the summer months, almost entirely by German society. An arrival list is published weekly, after the manner of Baden Bade, and other places of fashionable notoriety. Now that the season was over, I quietly perused this very amusing document. It was filled with high-sounding Teutonic titles: here and there, an

English name appeared, oddly enough; for we have not yet at Ischel, as at Interlachen or Baden, almost swamped the indigenous spa-goers by our numbers.

I regret much that bad weather prevented my exploring the neighbourhood of Ischel. A snow-storm accompanied me all the way to Gmünden, beautifully situated at the extremity of a lake, which, to my eye, greatly resembled that of Thun.*

VIENNA—GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

VIENNA has some local drawbacks which greatly detract from its agremens as a residence.

* The Saltzkammergut is described at length, and all the principal excursions detailed, in "Murray's Handbook for Southern Germany." To extol a work which is in every tourist's hands would be superfluous; but I cannot omit bearing testimony to its general correctness of information, particularly as to the inns it recommends.

The old town is narrow, dark and close-smelling, though, it must be added, extremely clean for the Continent, and admirably paved; though without any flagging for foot-passengers, which, coupled with the extremely rapid rate of driving (for our cabs scarcely go the pace of the Vienna fiacres,) can hardly fail to occasion numerous accidents. Then the suburbs, unpaved, and composed of a soft crumbling stone alternate between dust and mud, to a degree which it requires actual observation to credit.

For exposure to gusts of wind, many parts of Vienna might vie with the well-known corner of Ship-street at Brighton, which has been named the half-way house to the cave of Æolus.

Still, after all these deductions, my impressions of Vienna are so pleasing, that were I obliged to locate myself out of that great country, of which I am proud to be a citizen, as the song goes—

Oh ! England, dear England, sweet gem of the ocean,
Thy valleys and meads look fertile and gay ;
The heart bows to thee with expressive devotion,
And memory adores when in lands far away !

I have seen few places where I could so readily make myself at home as Vienna.

Paris, though admirable as a capital, wants in some respect the solidity and repose of English life. Munich is at present a series of workshops and show-rooms, and however great one's devotion to the fine arts, one would scarcely reside from choice in the atelier of an artist.

In Vienna, along with much comfort, there is an air of unpretending greatness, which belongs naturally to a great capital. 'It appears to be, as it in fact is, a very wealthy place ; many shops go far back into the street, and are filled with solid, as well as ornamental, merchandise. And there are warehouses in one quarter which, "longo intervallo" certainly, reminded me of those wonderful lines at Manchester, which extend the whole length of the street.

I have seen nothing of the carriage promenade in the Prater, as it is not the season; but the thoroughfare from some of the gates, Burg-Thor especially, struck me as very imposing.

The Prater itself is not much to boast of as a drive; for equestrians some of the turf-rides are agreeable enough. The carriage-drives are laid out in straight lines, and crammed with gingerbread-looking cafés and pleasure-houses; it is something between an English park and the Champs Elysées, without the best features of either, and very inferior to the English garden at Munich.

The most striking promenade in Vienna, is undoubtedly that end of the Jager Zeile which opens on to the Prater. The street is of noble width in this part; and when on a fine Sunday filled with people, as the eye follows the moving line which disappears between the avenues of the Prater, the effect is extremely animated. The ramparts form a very complete promenade,

making the circuit of the old town, and giving good views of the principal buildings in the suburbs; but the buildings which face them have no architectural beauty, and the vaunted Volks Garden is surpassed by most second-rate German towns. The living is tolerably good, but dearer than Paris; in fact, economical tourists should not visit the Austrian capital. There is one excellent Restaurant at the Casino, where you dine in very good French style. The supply of fish is one of the worst gastronomic features of Vienna. The vaunted Danube carp did not strike me as sustaining its reputation; cold trout à la geleé is always a standing dish in the carte, but would scarcely be relished often; and between these two, and a dry tasteless fish, schill, the traveller's choice is mostly limited. But a Styrian capon will cover a multitude of culinary sins; juicy, tender, and full-flavoured, it is an excellent dish, whether roasted, stewed, or garnished with tongue, for the breakfast table.

Game is plentiful; of the venison and partridges I can answer for the excellence, as also of the wild boar.

The French wines are in general use among the wealthy citizens; they are drunk here somewhat, but very little, cheaper than in England. I do not much admire the Austrian wines; most of them are sweet white wines. The Hungarian are better for general use; the Carlowitz is a useful table wine (red), something like the Beaune.

The women are on the average a fine-looking race, superior certainly to Munich. Dark eyes and hair, healthy complexions, rather plump figures, terminated by thickest legs, predominate.

They dress their hair with great neatness, but the *chaussure* is slovenly, not observing Horace's poetical canon—

Servitur ad imum—

Qualis ab incepto processerit.

The national character, as far as my German

allowed of my sounding it, seemed to tally much with what the guide-books, &c. tell you ; the Viennese are good-natured, fond of pleasure (as who are not that have the means), hospitable, and friendly.

Among the comforts of Vienna to an Englishman, the excellent riding-horses must not be forgotten ; the establishment of Herr Schadel, near the entrance of the Prater from Jager Zeile, is on a splendid scale: about thirty horses in high condition were in his stables; about half of these were English, the rest Hungarian, crossed with our blood. I rode one of the latter, a very handsome bay horse, and an admirable hack for slow work. As is generally the case on the Continent, it is necessary to stipulate the exact price beforehand. It was about the Oxford price, eight shillings a ride.

October 20.

EXCURSION TO BADEN.

THE weather has changed to as bitter an east wind as ever graced the month of March. Under its influence, and the usual Vienna accompaniment of clouds of dust as soon as the city gates are passed, we proceeded to Baden.

This fashionable watering-place is now of course deserted, and the town looked melancholy enough, but no change of season could destroy the lovely scenery of the valley of St. Helen. I wandered for hours in this charming spot; wood, rock, and sufficient allowance of ruins are spread over each side of a narrow valley, which might almost be called a defile, so abruptly do its sides close in towards Heiligen Kreutz. Slopes of turf, and paths just scrambling enough to make the pedestrian believe that he is in a mountainous

country, all invite to exercise and exploring rambles.

In the summer, when all Vienna is crammed into the valley of St. Helen, no doubt the scene must be highly amusing.

The baths are of a high temperature, and are strongly impregnated with sulphur.

A DAY'S LIONIZING.

We were on foot at ten, and went gradually over the Arsenal, which consists of long galleries filled with arms of all species and dates, very neatly arranged. The suit of armour belonging to the last King of Hungary, is one of the most curious relics ; his majesty was of very small dimensions, the royal race seeming to have

gradually dwarfed. He perished most unroyally, being choked in a bog whilst fighting.

The Imperial Library was our next visit ; the room is of noble proportions, with a lofty dome, ornamented with fresco paintings in the centre. We then proceeded to the Porcelain Manufactory, where we saw some really beautiful copies of celebrated pictures ; the painting was in all these of most exquisite finish.

We next visited about half a dozen churches, in which Canova's fine monumental group of the Archduchess Christina was the only point of attraction. This deserves all the encomiums that have been bestowed on it.

We finished by the Capucin convent, beneath which, in spacious vaults, repose the bodies of the Imperial family of Austria. I never saw so cheerful a sepulchre ; it is well lighted, handsome bronze coffins are ranged in rows, some adorned with relievos, others with groups of sculpture. Here is the resting-place of young Napoleon. A window looks upon

one of the most bustling thoroughfares of Vienna, and one may fancy the deceased monarchs placidly regarding the grisettes, apprentices, and dandies of their capital, passing on their avocations of business or pleasure. After a stroll into the church of St. Carl, a very spacious edifice in the Roman style, and a visit to the palace and gardens of Prince Swartzenberg, we dined at our own hotel (Goldenen Lamm), where, though the lodging is excellent, and situation the best in Vienna, the restaurant's department is somewhat coarse and greasy. By way of keeping in the same line, we strolled into the Leopoldstadt Theatre after dinner, where low Austrian farce and broad humour are supposed to predominate. At present, however, a troop of tumblers seem to monopolize the stage, and their antics and tours de force were much relished by a crowded audience.

EXCURSION BY RAILROAD TO WAGRAM.

A BEAUTIFUL afternoon, for the sky was cloudless and sun brilliant, with a slight autumn frost, tempted me to make an excursion per railroad to the field of Wagram. This is the commencement of a very extended line on the Bohemian side. An Englishman, Mr. —, is the managing engineer; I had some conversation with him in returning, and he spoke sanguinely about its success. After Belgium, Austria bids fair to hold the second place in these undertakings.

A fine Sunday drew crowds to this novel kind of promenade; the carriages were roomy and comfortable, and the whole affair appeared to be well organized. Half an hour's travelling (during which we crossed the Danube,) and dashed over a perfectly level country, part of the vast plains on which the battles of Elsling and Wagram were fought,) leaving Leopoldsberg and Kloster-Neuberg to the left, brought us to the little village of Wagram, which, though one

dead level, is far from being unpicturesque in its situation, from the line of the Styrian Alps which rise behind it.

Here we stopped, walked over the field, which is a spacious plain, with lots of room for cavalry movements, took coffee and other refreshment at a café close by the station-house, a recent creation of the railroad, and listened to an excellent band of horns, which played, as all German bands do, a great variety of music.

About five o'clock, up came the trains from Gandersdorf; and that from Vienna arrived almost at the same moment. The scene was most animated,—such [steaming and shouting and trumpeting as is seldom heard. Like all combined excitements which appeal to the senses, the impetus increased every moment, and the locomotives themselves seemed to snort and roar in unison.

At last order was restored, and the crowd rushed, not very ceremoniously, to take their

places. It was a curious contrast with the stillness of an autumn evening. A glorious sunsét dyed the Styrian mountains with a deep bloom tint that reminded me of Geneva and the Jura. There was nature going to rest in all her peaceful majesty. In the foreground was this restless mass of human beings, laughing and shouting and trumpeting (for the music never stopped, though the musicians were now lodged in a second-class train); and here too were these wonderful machines—the invention of man, which triumph over nature's most powerful laws of time and space.

Neither of the illustrious commanders who twenty years back combated on this field ever dreamed that steam power would transport the citizens of Vienna by hundreds over this scene of the great struggle between the two empires.

Sperl's dancing-rooms tempted us to take a look at this scene of national amusement to-night, —the suite of rooms is spacious and handsome, and the scene altogether most droll and national. In the first room, clouds of smoke from pipe and cigar well nigh obscured the atmosphere—in the next, a long vista of tables disclosed groups engaged in the pleasing occupation of supper; then came the dancing-room, and this too was somewhat encroached on by the supper-tables: it was brilliantly lighted; waltzing was going on to the strains of a full orchestra. There was to my eye not much beauty among the women; and though very persevering dancers, they perform with less grace than the grisettes at Tivoli.

At length I take leave of Vienna, after a fortnight very pleasantly spent in the Aus-

trian capital. It is one of the pleasantest places for residence that I have met with in my continental rambles. You have most of the comforts of English life, along with a picturesque quaintness, that reminds you of the old feudal times. Then the proximity to Hungary and the still wilder frontier provinces of Turkey, gives to the streets of Vienna a variety of costume which is not to be found in our northern capitals. Turks, Hungarians, and Tyrolese are constantly to be seen in their national dresses. Really wild deer roam about the Prater, and the vast plains which follow the course of the Danube, though not picturesque, contrast from their novelty with the broken scenery to which we are accustomed.

November 1.

GRATZ TO TRIESTE.

As we approached Gratz, the snow which lay thick upon the hills had again disappeared ;

it rained in torrents, and the capital of Styria was floating in what is best expressed by the not very elegant word "slosh." The long damp galleries of the inn at Gratz were not reviving to the spirits, after a night in the Eilwagen ; and with somewhat desponding countenances, an English traveller, Mr. B—, and myself, debated on the most eligible mode of proceeding to Trieste. It was at length decided that we should post together, taking the carriage which is provided at each post-station.

The afternoon cleared up a little, and I climbed up to the castle, which commands a fine view of the neighbourhood. The environs of Gratz are undoubtedly picturesque, yet scarcely enough so to sustain the high-coloured pictures that are given of it. The town itself has nothing remarkable.

We started at nine the following morning, in a caleche provided at the post-house, and proceeded at the usual rate to Marburg ; here a very pleasant young Englishman was on

his way to Vienna. He was travelling by a Lohn Kutscher or Voiturier, which he did not seem to find very agreeable, as he was obliged to get up at four every morning, and the German stopped at half past twelve, and staid three hours for dinner !

Our next day's journey was through a pleasing though scarcely a picturesque country to Franz—but the following day, from Franz to Laybach, was very beautiful. It had rained in the morning, but all was now clear ; the range of mountains on our right were covered with fresh-fallen snow, which glittered like chrystal in the beams of the sun ; the atmosphere was in that transparent state which accompanies the transition from rain to frost.

At Laybach we found very comfortable quarters at the Stadt Wien, an excellent inn. In the evening I strolled into the theatre. I was surprised to find a really elegant house, well fitted up ; and Herold's *Zampa* was performed in a highly creditable manner. The

orchestra, as is always the case in Germany, was excellent, and the singing respectable.

I had intended mounting the Castle hill this morning, but, alas ! a thick fog rendered any expedition in search of the picturesque quite a forlorn hope. The same fog accompanied us on our route nearly as far as Planina, when the sun, after a hard struggle, gained the victory, and shone brilliantly forth, lighting up hill and valley, studded with endless detached fragments of rock and groups of pines. From Planina, a very picturesque village, we mounted a considerable ascent ; the road was well engineered, and afforded good trotting-ground, of which our postilion, for a wonder, availed himself, and we proceeded at a merry pace. The setting sun had tinted the horizon with every variety of crimson, orange and opal. Far in the distance lay a group of mountains, bathed in that deepest of all blue which the untravelled eye accuses of exaggeration in the landscape painters of Italy. On the right, the snow

peaks of the Julian range caught the faint crimson observable in Alpine countries ; while in the foreground, pine and rock, and wild mountain ridge, were mingled in the most fantastic forms. The scene was singular and picturesque. The shades of evening brought us to our quarters at Adelsberg. In general the German supper-hour at country inns is so early, that the English traveller, who gets his dinner appetite about six, can at that hour find the means of making a substantial meal. Adelsberg was an exception ; nothing (in spite of repeated promises) was obtainable before eight, and for two weary hours we contemplated the tablecloth, and all the preparations for the evening meal, from laying the aforesaid cloth down to the infusing portions of acid-looking wine into vessels which bore an appropriate resemblance to vinegar cruets. Meanwhile, the habitués of the place dropped in, and a curious set they were ; one fat German, a magnate of the village, with a drolling swagger that

vibrated like a pendulum between the long table and the wall of the room, as he walked up and down, pipe in mouth, was splendid. How John Reeve would have embodied the character before grog swamped poor John's intellects ! Some meagre Italians joined the expectant group ; supper was at last served, mine host took his place ; "immeasurably tough" poultry, and too fragrant beef, with potatoes swimming in grease, and sour craut for those that liked it, filled up nature's vacuum.

About nine o'clock the following morning, we started with a guide to explore the far-famed grotto of Adelsberg. I will not describe at length what has been so well done in Russel's Germany, and the "Hand book ;" suffice it that this stupendous work of nature fully equalled my expectations. I should think that we walked at least five miles in these subterraneous regions, passing through halls, galleries, and winding passages, lined with every variety of stalactite formation, from the noble column that

stands in insulated majesty, down to the most minutely delicate folds of drapery. These last pleased me the most of all I saw; one in the great hall hung exactly like a drooping flag, and when the light was placed behind it, the transparency was beautiful. Another was plaited in delicate folds like a lady's robe. In all these, Nature's workmanship was so fine as to leave the most finished sculpture far behind. No drapery of Canova was ever so delicately chiselled.

We then proceeded to Trieste, across the howling wilderness which the guide-books prate of; it is a curious country, this same Karst, especially near Sassina. Diminutive stone walls enclose fields which, instead of verdure or tilled land, are composed of a succession of slate-coloured blocks. The whole country is in fact covered with fragments of bluish grey rock, between which a scanty herbage is eagerly devoured by flocks of meagre sheep. Poor animals! this schoolboy's diet of slate-pencil don't seem at all to agree with their constitutions.

We were rather late for the famous view of the Adriatic from the hill above Trieste. Night was rapidly approaching, and we could only see a short distance; yet still the expanse of waters, smooth as a lake, tinged by the colours of sunset, and the wooded hill cutting abruptly across it in the foreground, formed a striking view.

November 5, 6, 7, 8.

TRIESTE.

TRIESTE is one of the first fish-markets in Europe, either for variety or quality; here the classic tunny, the most ancient fish perhaps on record, is still highly prized. The soles of the Adriatic are delicious, and many species peculiar to this coast are exposed for sale in the market. I visited this before breakfast, and was amused at

the motley scene. People of all nations were vociferating a Babel of tongues, and pushing one another over in order to get the first purchase; most extraordinary odd fish some of them were, like those that pay a visit to our shores after a hard gale. Nothing could be more delightful than the climate; to use a fanciful expression, it had the warmth of summer without its heat—the union of an inexpressibly mild air, and a sun tempered by the season. The climate generally is reputed a bad one; excessive heat prevails during the summer months, and the awful bora wind pays frequent visits in the spring and winter. Trieste, yearly increasing in commercial importance, is a bustling active town, finely situated in an indent of the Adriatic coast; a good frontage of tall stone buildings extends towards the sea, and the houses rise gradually on successive terraces behind it, till the castle seems as it were an apex to the pyramid. Fine hills, overspread with vineyards, detached villas of the Trieste merchants, and here and there a clustering vil-

lage, extend on the Italian side, while the Istrian coast rises into a bold outline of mountains.

The commercial activity of Trieste is equalled by few places on the Continent, as is the medley of languages and costumes presented to the eye and ear. After rowing about the bay, visiting the lighthouse, &c., and climbing up one or two of the hills—in fact, after a sight-seeing day, in which the Lazzaretto, one of the most commodious in Europe, was not forgotten, I embarked at eleven for Venice, and at half-past seven the following morning we entered that far-famed city.

VENICE.

I FELT much excited by the genius loci, as I approached this far-famed city ; the weather was

as melancholy as can be conceived ; a drizzling muggy November rain had set in at daybreak—under these auspices I paddled in a gondola, and established myself in comfortable-looking quarters at the Leone Bianco.

I lionized duly for five days, with a pleasant party, the details of which I will omit, and pass at once to the general impression produced upon me by this extraordinary place.

What a contrast between Trieste and Venice!—though not far distant, the opposite shores of the Adriatic are the moral antipodes of each other. On one side, like a youth springing up into manhood, shouting and growing and thriving in lusty energy, lies a rising city, full of bustle and commercial enterprize ; on the other, like a giant frame mouldering into gradual decay, and crumbling bit by bit from its colossal proportions, is an ancient and great city sinking into ruin—a melancholy and sublime spectacle, a page from the ruins of empires. Venice has been written on till the theme is run dry. In the days of her

real greatness, no historian of Europe could pass her over. During the last century of her decline, three remarkable writers, all men of genius, Rousseau, Lord Byron, and Mr. Beckford, have recorded the impressions she produced upon them.

Another stage in the doom she is destined to accomplish is now arrived ; she slumbers under the rule of Austria, illuminates the scenes of her former pride to grace the triumphal progress of her master,* and furnishes endless subjects for the portfolio of the artist. Such is now her vocation.

The impression that Venice gives is undoubtedly most melancholy. Decay is everywhere at work—gradual, but unmitigated and relentless decay. Each year some spacious mansion, once the abode of grandeur, becomes untenanted ; the door is stopped up, and boards fill what once

* This alludes to the illuminations at Venice, on the Emperor's return from his late coronation at Milan.

were the windows. A ruin would be more cheerful ; there, the work of destruction has been accomplished, and you can moralise comfortably on the results, particularly after dinner ; here, decomposition is going on before your eyes.

In the same manner a skeleton would be a pleasanter companion than a corpse some three or four weeks old. Out of the variety of situations in which one may be placed (the Americanism "location" exactly expresses what I mean) God forbid I should be called on to inhabit a city which is undergoing that sentence of destruction which seems to have been pronounced in turn against all that has been great and famous. No ! give me a great city, in its days of greatness, when the current of its life runs strong—fix me in Babylon under Semiramis, in Athens under Pericles, in Rome under Augustus, in Florence under Lorenzo de Medici, in Paris under Napoleon, or in London under our gracious Queen Victoria, and I will be content ; but to be linked for the term of one's life to the decaying

fortunes of a town, is a most unfair freak of destiny. It is chaining the living, not to the dead, but the gradually dying—a refinement on the punishment of Mezentius.

November 15.

A DAY'S LIONIZING.

WE had an agreeable breakfast party this morning at our hotel—Capt. and Mrs. B— on their way to Athens, Mr. B— my travelling companion from Vienna, and an intelligent American, Mr. S— ; the latter gave us a sketch of a tour in the States, times, distances, &c. We started in our gondola, and proceeded to the Manfrini palace ; out of a numerous collection

of pictures, seven or eight were very good, the rest middling—Guido's Lucretia struck me the most; the Roman heroine is standing somewhat in a theatrical position, about to do suicide in regular 5th-act tragedy style, but the expression of resolution in the eyes and mouth, struggling with the paleness of natural reluctance, is wonderfully fine.

There is also a small Magdalene of Correggio, very delicately finished. A cup of excellent coffee in the piazza impelled me to ascend the Campanile: the view was clear; there lay the city at my feet, intersected by the serpentine course of the grand canal. Immediately below was the piazza, and Basilica of St. Marc, while at intervals arose the domes and towers of the numerous churches: beyond, lay the various island suburbs to the mother city, with their groups of buildings rising from the waters, while the white waves of the Adriatic in the distance enclosed all, like the frame of a picture. I then took a gondola, and visited several of the islands.

The day was fine, and the view realized something of one's ideas of Venice. A bright sun lighted up the quaint outline of the city; it shone on a sheet of water without a ripple, and from a sky without a cloud.

November 18.

DEPARTURE FROM VENICE.

I LEFT Venice about eight o'clock: the morning was lovely, mild as the softest day in summer. A delicate canopy of mist, faintly tinged by the sun, rested on the waters. When about half-way to Fusina, this cleared off, and I had a good view of Venice at parting. The prospect was certainly an enchanting one. An irregular line of domes and towers rose proudly from the waters—the progress of decay and ruin was

hidden by distance, and the Venice of other days, with its romance of history, its poetry of commerce, stood before me.

It was amusing to see the water-coaches start from Venice, each boat with a body like a diligence, and the rowers in postilion's liveries. I should like to have shown them to Adlam* or one of our crack coachmen.

TRAVELLING EN VETTURINO IN LOMBARDY.

CONTINENTAL travelling is not all smooth going, as those who work on without a carriage can testify; but of all despairing sensations, commend me to a Vetturino, with tired horses, in

* Mr. James Adlam, the well-known whip of the York House Bath and London coach. The author is glad to have his opportunity of bearing his testimony to the merits of Mr. Adlam, both in professional and private life.

a long line of flat muddy road in Lombardy, and rain falling.

“Lasciate ogni speranza,” ought to be the heraldic motto of one of these carriages. I do not know exactly how they are constructed, but I think I am safe in saying that the springs are neither C nor grasshopper. You go so slow that you feel the fractional jolt of every individual stone in your track. You plough on, through an interminable line of dripping poplars, till your ideas of time and space become confused, and the motion, like Ixion’s wheel, appears eternal. Bunyan’s “Slough of Despond” was a cheerful locality compared to one of these delightful promenades. Certainly, a little of this travelling would make the most obstinate anti-railroad man or woman a convert to steam locomotion. Who knows that the Vetturinos are not secretly in the pay of the Manchester shareholders?

A MORSEL OF CRITICISM ON THE FINE
ARTS.

I HAVE brought away two ideas from the pictures I have seen during my tour; and the Munich and Vienna galleries show pretty strong.

One is—the mastery of Rubens in colouring. Take a large picture of any other master, and put it beside one of his really good ones, (and no painter appears to me to be so unequal,) and look at the difference. At a venture, I will instance two subjects of Rubens, “wide as the poles asunder” in character, but each treated with wonderful richness and variety of colouring, without any apparent straining after effect. I mean, the Sports of the River Gods, in the Belvedere gallery at Vienna; an allegorical subject, in which all the monsters of the deep, i.e. freshwater deep, are sporting about, and fondling the progeny of their tutelary masters.

The other is the institution of the Last Supper, in the Brera gallery at Milan.

My other idea, or more properly recollection, is the ideal beauty of Guido's female faces; they affected me almost to tears. I will instance his Magdalene in the second room, in the Leichtenstein palace, at Vienna.

All else that I have seen rests in a confused, indigested mass.

PROMENADES AT MILAN.

A FINE Sunday brought out all the world to the promenade of the Corso Orientale. There were the grisettes of the capital of Lombardy, with their neat ancles and pretty faces; there was also a fair show of beauty in the carriages, and equestrians abounded.

The fashionable thing, both here and at

Vienna, seems to be driving a fast trotter in a tilbury, at his full swing, up and down the drive, the charioteer sitting well back, and endeavouring to look quite at his ease, which, now and then, the countenance belies, as the horse is swinging round a corner.

They have got hold of some fast trotters, both here and at Vienna, but I don't know how they are bred. One chesnut mare I saw in the Prater would be difficult to beat, by anything under a very crack one ; she kept two well-bred hacks going abreast at a smart gallop.

All this tearing up and down a drive is very silly work, and when you come to a journey no pace is to be got at.

PROSPECT FROM THE DUOMO.

EVERY tourist enlarges on the magnificence of the cathedral: I can sincerely add my quota

of admiration—the whole is so light-looking that it is some time before the eye becomes aware of its colossal proportions.

A fine day determined me to mount the exterior: I was rewarded by a remarkably clear view. The town lay at our feet, its streets clustered together like a gigantic nest; the flat rich plains of Lombardy formed a broad belt completely round; while on the Swiss side, the curved range of the Alps rose in all their mountain grandeur; the eye could follow their course from Mount Cenis to the Tyrol; the giant Ortler spitz, across whose edge the Stelvio road passes, was particularly conspicuous: all were more or less covered with fresh-fallen snow. I walked entirely round the leads of the cathedral, and then only had a full idea of the immensity of its architectural proportions.

* * * * *

The postilion of Longjumeau has cracked his whip, and sung his song, (the only pretty air in the opera,) on almost every stage in Europe.

I have already heard him in three languages, and Donzelli attracted me to-night to La Scala. He sang *the* song beautifully, of course. I departed early, not wishing for a second infliction of the stupid ballet, and arrived at the Teatro Re just as the curtain was rising on a sentimental three-act drama, adapted from the French, “Il y a Seize Ans;” the catastrophe is absurdly improbable, but Signora Bettini acted with great power and pathos, and was seconded by a very tolerable company.

The price of admission to this snug little theatre is one swanziger, eight-pence.

SIGNORA BETTINI AGAIN.

* * * A very full audience was assembled in the Teatro Re, for the benefit of their chief

comedian. A play in six acts, Naples and Palermo, was the piece selected.

A scapegrace of a painter marries a Sicilian Countess (Bettini), in spite of the warnings of Gerrati, an old friend of her family, who reads sermons and gives advice to all the characters round, and is of course never listened to, till the event proves the soundness of his counsels. The Countess and her hopeful husband go to reside at Naples, where he begins to show the cloven foot and speedily becomes the Don Juan of his quarter; he is pursued by assassins at the instigation of some of the parties he has outraged, and at last falls a victim, in spite of all the Countess's endeavours to save him.

Signora B.'s performance was admirable throughout. In the earlier scenes, before her marriage, when she sustains the character of the high-bred woman surrounded by suitors, her deportment was most lady-like and charming; and in the last two acts, where the pride of an injured woman struggles with the remains of

affection for her husband, she absolutely rose to the sublime.

Her bursts of indignation in the scene where she discovers to her husband her full knowledge of his perfidy were given with a force and truth that I have never seen surpassed.

The audience were enthusiastic; deafening cheers, in which I joined to an extent that rendered me hoarse for some days after, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and the reappearance of the Signora, with all due etceteras, followed the fall of the curtain.

And this admirable dramatic entertainment cost only eight-pence.

November 30.

A FINE DAY ON THE LAGO MAGGIORE.

As soon as morning dawned, I rushed to my bedroom window at Arona, and gazed on the lake spread out before me.—A canopy of mist rested on the waters, and the sky gave promise of a brilliant day.

After breakfast, I proceeded in a boat to Baveno. Perhaps the lovely scenery of Maggiore was never seen to greater advantage than to-day. The sky was all but cloudless, and the atmosphere most beautifully transparent. The sun glittered on the villages and groups of houses that line the shore. I surrendered myself entirely to the magic of the scene ; no retrospect of the past, no anticipation of the future, divided my attention ; there lay for me the entire world within the circle of those waters. *There*, rose towards Baveno the swelling outline of the hills that form the basin of the lake ; *there*, beyond, the snow peaks of the Alps shot right

into the sky, like a barrier between time and eternity, while above was the blue canopy of heaven. Not a sound was heard but the splash of the oars.

All that delicate blendings of colour and beauty of form could give to delight the eye lay spread out before me.

WINTER PASSAGE OF THE SIMPLON.

THE snow fell thick as I left Domo D'Ossola. At Isella the sky cleared, and I had a full view of the Alps in their winter dress. This elevated country has been under snow for some weeks. Most magnificent was the spectacle—the wheels rolled noiselessly through the bed of snow that lay across the road; the only sound was the roar of the torrent and the dash of the waterfall. Here and there a peaked rock rose against the sky from its base of dazzling white.

The pines which linger on each declivity of the pass were crusted over with frozen snow.

I shall never forget the scene. I have crossed the Simplon before, and am familiar with the Alpine passes; but no one who travels through them in summer has any idea of their sublimity at this season.

About the great gallery at Gondo the ranges of icicles were magnificent; many from two to three feet in length.

Though in an open carriage, I enjoyed the keen frosty air; but the wind did get a little cold as I approached Simplon. I slept at the well-known inn, and found it as comfortable as usual. At seven the following morning, I started per diligence, which is now a strong square wooden box, with small air-holes; four moderate people would exactly fit it. This was fixed on a sledge, and with steady perseverance we ploughed through the snow to the summit of the pass. The scene was lovely: a bright atmosphere (it froze hard of course) and brilliant

sun lighted up the landscape of dazzling white ; the crystallized snow sparkled like so many diamonds. At intervals a mass of grey rock broke the uniformity of colour ; and above was a sky of the purest blue, without a cloud. A strongish snow-drift lay across the road near the new Hospice ; a crowd of workmen were employed in clearing this away, and after a few minutes' delay we passed onwards. This was the only shadow of an obstacle to our progress. It was merry work that remained, the last four leagues to Brigue. Gaily we bowled along, at every turn of the road the atmosphere becoming more genial. Pines and vegetation seemed to hail our progress from these "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," and the anticipations of a hearty meal consoled the extraordinary appetite that the Alpine air had created.

December 4.

APPROACH TO PARIS.

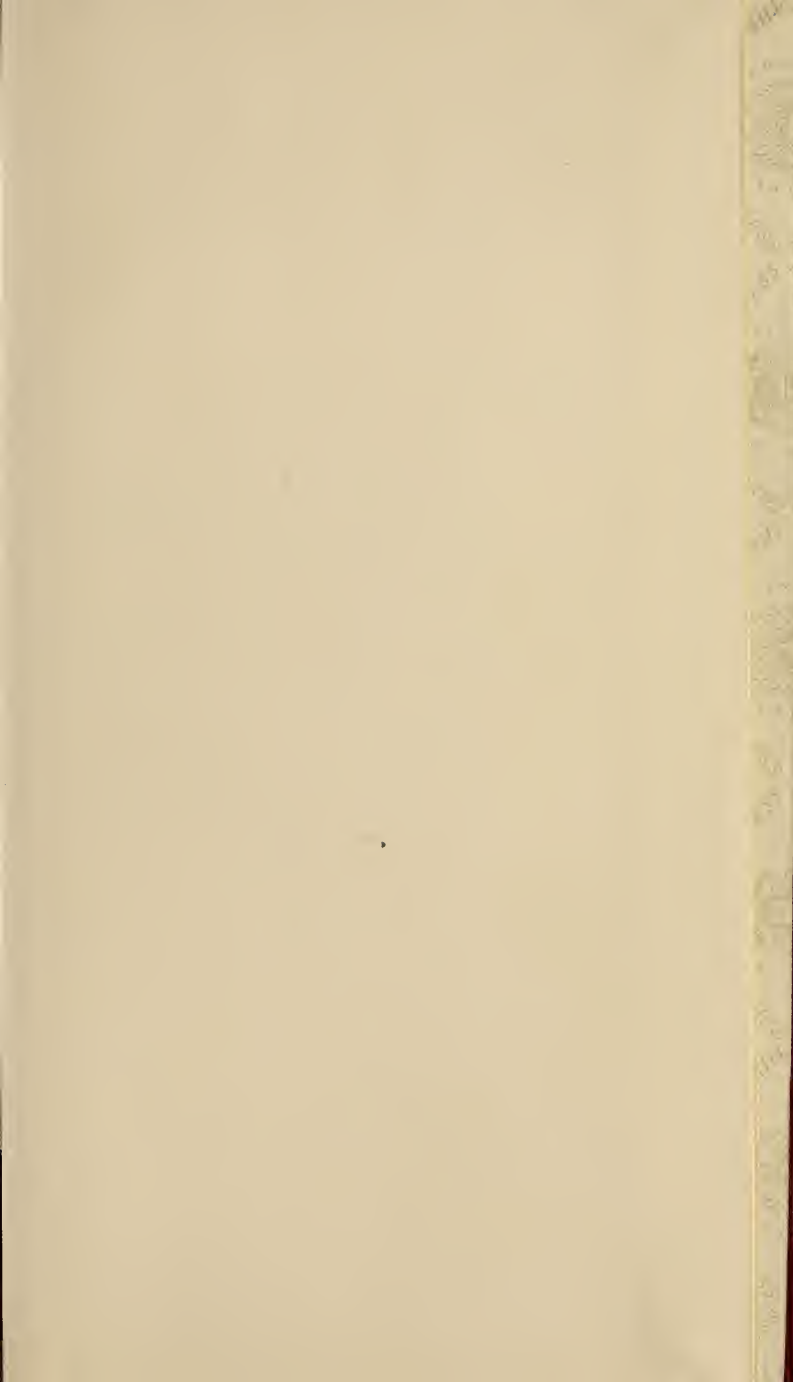
IT was with no small pleasure that I found myself, after a very cold journey, approaching the capital of France. A fog that would have done honour to London extended over the Seine and environs of Paris as I drove in from Charenton. On approaching this great city, which recalled also so many pleasant recollections, a crowd of reflections came upon me. I thought of travelling impressions in general, and of the peculiar ones suggested by the approaches to a great city. It is the outpourings from the suburbs that give a just idea of the greatness of a capital. A central point or thoroughfare is but a section, and a small one, of an active bustling town. Then I thought of France—of her political destinies, of her literature—that literature so active, so varied, from the grave march of history to the lightest romance that ever beguiled a leisure hour.

And I thought of the pleasures that Paris offers to the traveller, and of her cuisine, and of those immortal products of the grape that have kindled the inspiration and by a natural consequence received the praises of genius in all ages.

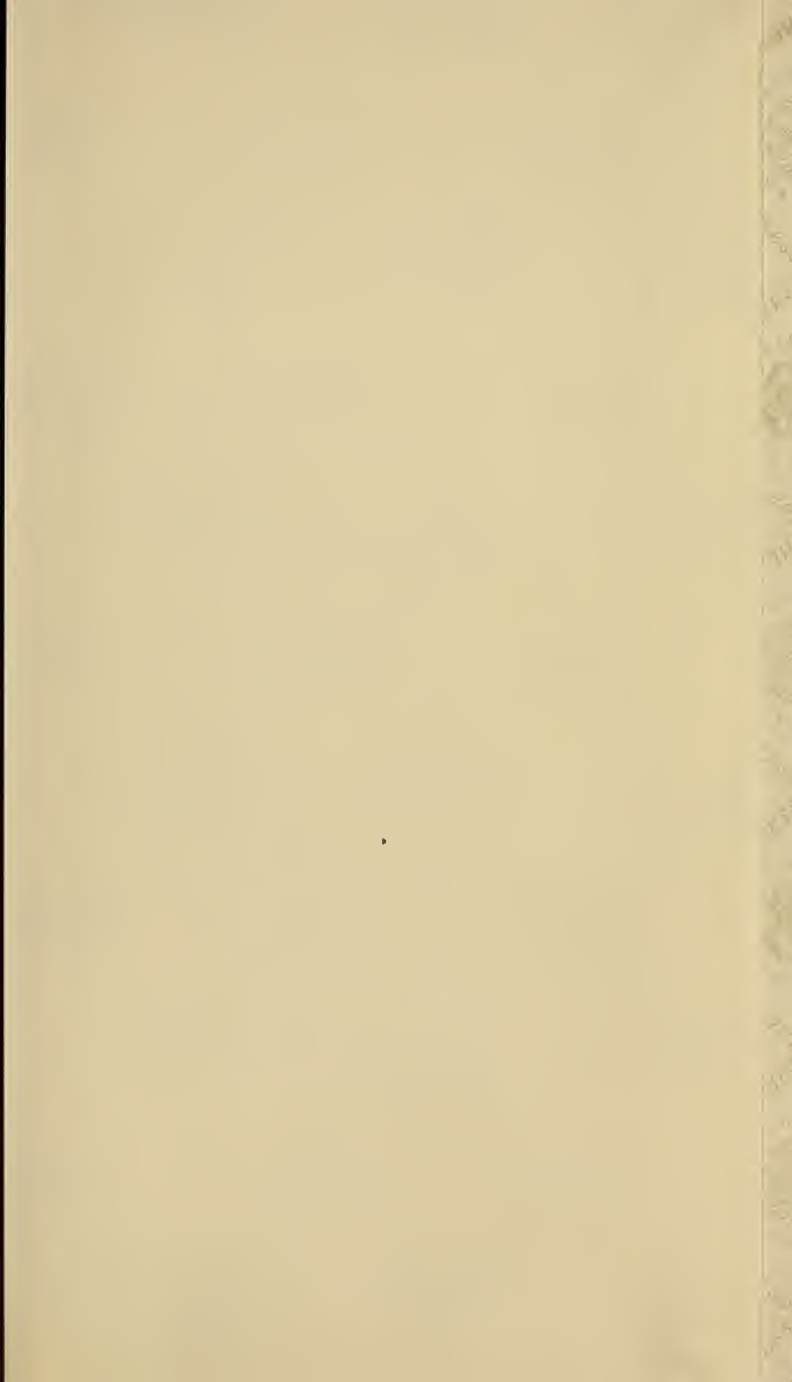
December 15.

THE END.

615 74







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Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: March 2009

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